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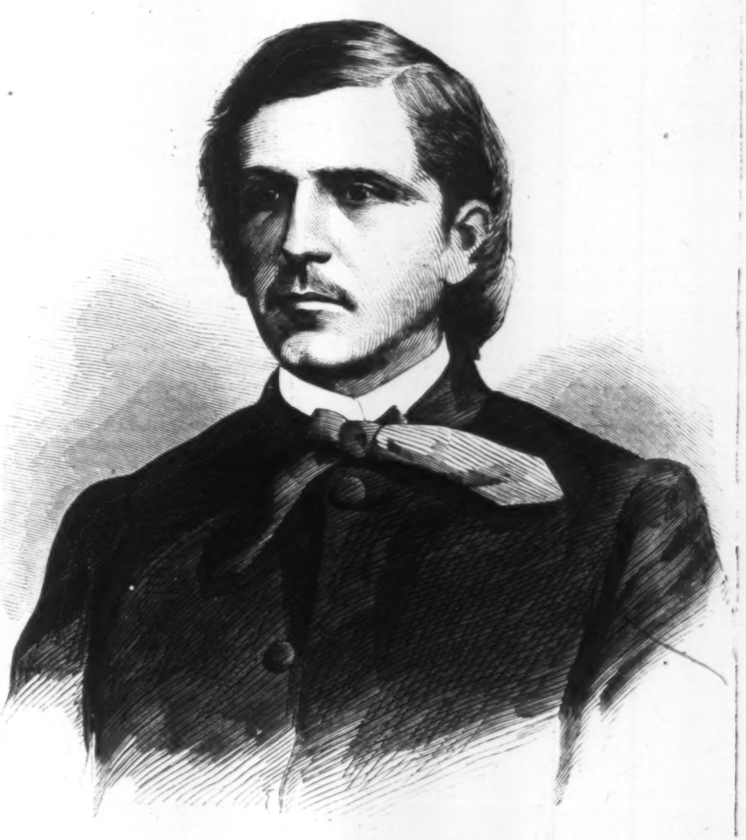


LIEUTENANT WILLIAM B. CUSHING.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

WE illustrate on this page one of the most exciting incidents of naval warfare, and give a portrait of the chief actor concerned, Lieutenant WILLIAM B. CUSHING.

The rebel ram *Albemarle* was one of the most formidable vessels which the Confederate navy ever floated. It played a conspicuous part in the capture of Plymouth last spring, and on that occasion sank the *Southfield*. She attacked the *Miami* also; and a shot from the latter, striking the iron walls of the ram, rebounded and killed Captain FLUSSER of the *Miami*, who was an intimate friend of CUSHING. It is said that for this reason Lieutenant CUSHING vowed vengeance against the *Albemarle*. This ram was the same which was engaged in the memorable conflict with the *Sassacus*, and two other heavily-armed double-enders on the 5th of May last—an event which was illustrated in the *Weekly* for June 4. The utmost, however, which these three vessels by their combined efforts were able to accomplish amounted to but a slight injury to the rebel iron-clad, though sufficient to compel its retirement. It has ever since been a source of considerable apprehension, and has made it necessary for Admiral LEE to greatly increase his naval force in the Sound. As early as last June Lieutenant CUSHING, then commanding the *Monticello*, submitted to the Admiral a plan for the destruction of the *Albemarle*. The plan was approved, and the Lieutenant withdrawn from the *Monticello* to perform this special service. Since that date Admiral LEE has been succeeded by Admiral PORTER, who has signalized his assumption of command by the destruction of the *Albemarle*.

After the conception of his plan Lieutenant CUSHING came to New York, and, in conjunction with Admiral GREGORY, Captain BOGGS, and Chief Engineer W. W. WOOD, applied to one of the new steam-pickets a torpedo arrangement and returned to the Sound. The torpedo arrangement was invented by Mr. WOOD, and was illustrated in the *Weekly* of October 1. The *Albemarle* had been lying at Plymouth for some weeks previous to its destruction. A mile below the town on the wreck of the *Southfield* a rebel picket was stationed. On the night of October 27 CUSHING, with a company of thirteen men, proceeded up the Roanoke River toward Plymouth. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was eight miles. The picket above-mentioned was passed without alarm, and the *Albemarle* was discovered lying fast to the wharf "with logs around her about thirty feet from her side." As the party approached the rebels opened fire from the shore, which was returned by the steam-launch. The approach was made in the form of a circle and with bows on, and when the logs were struck they were driven in some feet, the bows of the launch resting on them. "The torpedo-boom was then lowered," says Lieutenant CUSHING, "and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in diving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploding it at the same time that the *Albemarle's* gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her. The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet range and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves and removing my over-coat and shoes. Springing into the river I swam, with others, into the middle of the stream, the rebels failing to hit us."

CUSHING'S escape was so precipitate that he was not able to report the destruction of the ram from his own observation, but formed his judgment from a conversation which he heard while concealed in the marshes close to the enemy's fort, and from the report of a negro whom he sent into the town for information. He had become exhausted in swimming, and had taken shelter in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. He was picked up by the *Valley City* on the night of the 30th, having made his way to that vessel in a skiff captured from an enemy's picket.

Lieutenant CUSHING is a citizen of New York.

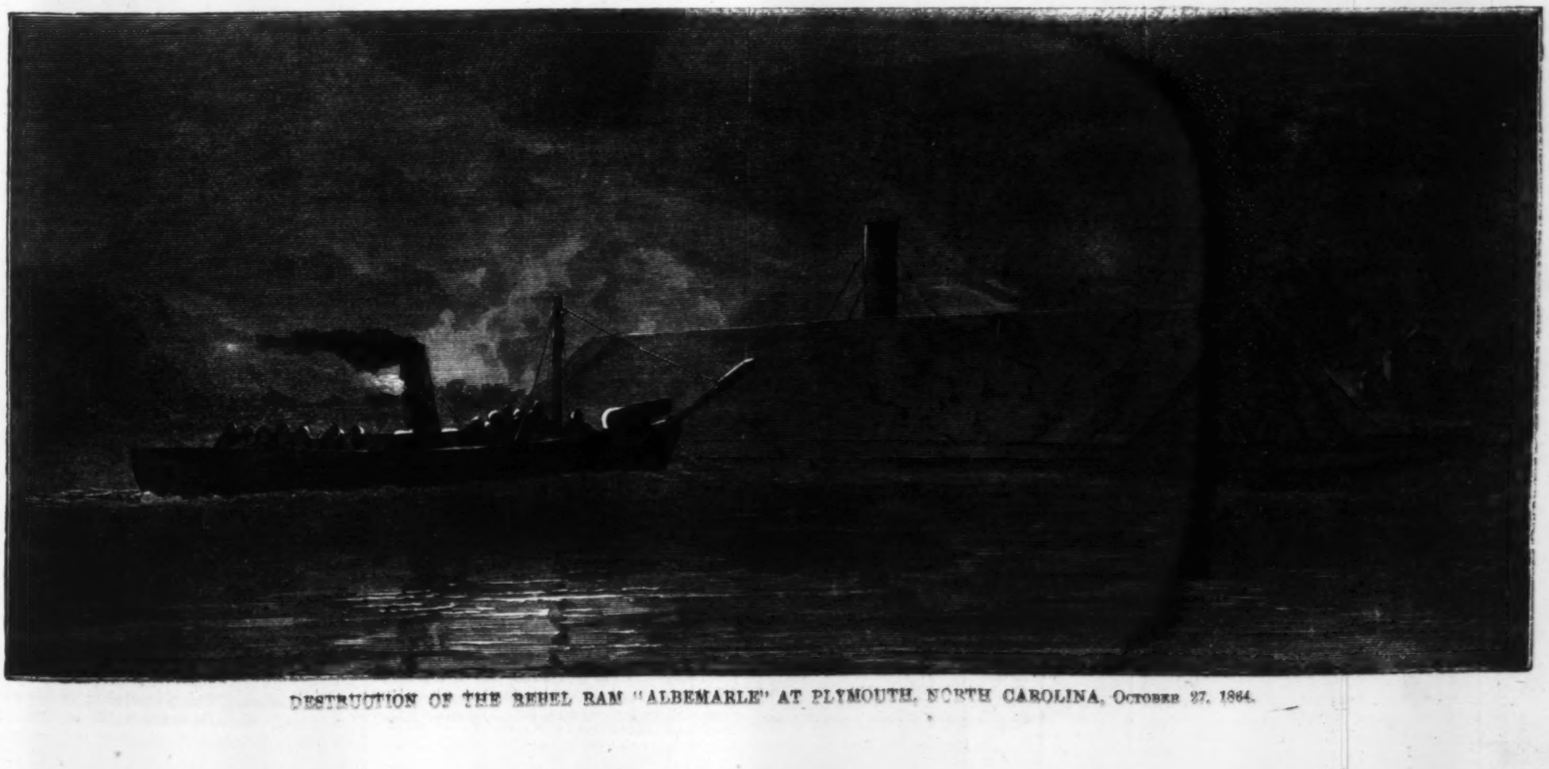
From the Richmond papers we learn that the *Albemarle* was destroyed, and that none of CUSHING'S party were killed, only one of them, indeed, having been wounded. No lives were lost on board the *Albemarle*. The destruction of this vessel has given us possession of Plymouth.

GUNS CAPTURED BY SHERIDAN.

WE engraved last week an illustration representing the arrival at the War Department of the battle-flags captured from the rebels by General SHERIDAN. A few days after this event, on October 29, General TORBERT arrived in Washington with the pieces of artillery, nearly thirty in number, which were taken from the rebels in the battle of Cedar Creek. We give on page 744 an illustration of the reception of these guns at the War Department. These did not, of course, include those of our guns which had been captured by the enemy and were afterward retaken. The capture of guns from the rebel army of Virginia can only be accomplished after a severe struggle. The rebels hold on to their guns till the last, and only yield them because they must. This fact, taken in consideration with the large number of guns which SHERIDAN has captured in his recent campaign, indicates the severity of the fighting which has been done this fall in the Shenandoah Valley. Our superiority in cavalry has doubtless diminished the difficulty which has always attended the capture of artillery on our part.

BATTERY GOING INTO POSITION.

WE engrave on page 745 an illustration which one of our artists in the West sends us, representing in a spirited manner the appearance of a battery of flying artillery going into position. The artillery of an army is one of its most powerful auxiliaries. It multiplies many times the effect of a single musket, and is equal to the addition to an army of several thousand men. As the cavalry represents the velocity and dash of onset, so the artillery represents the weight and volume of attack. It is of especial value in checking an advance of the enemy either in front or on the flank; and it is for this reason that an assailing column aims first at the adversary's guns, because these having been captured the lines of infantry are easily broken up and routed.



DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE" AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 27, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

THE ELECTION.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND ANDREW JOHNSON have been elected, by enormous and universal majorities in almost all the States, President and Vice-President of the United States for the next four years. This result is the proclamation of the American people that they are not conquered; that the rebellion is not successful; and that, deeply as they deplore war and its inevitable suffering and loss, yet they have no choice between war and national ruin, and must therefore fight on. In an unfortunate moment for himself General M'CLELLAN permitted his name to be used as the symbol of the cowardice and subjugation of his fellow-citizens, and from that moment his defeat was a foregone conclusion.

The moral effect of the election both at home and abroad will be of the most impressive character. It shows our foreign enemies that they have nothing to hope from the divisions of this country, while the rebels will see in it the withering and invincible purpose of their loyal fellow-citizens, who ask of them nothing but obedience to the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and acts made in pursuance of it. Whenever they shall choose to overthrow the military despotism that holds them fast—whenever they shall see that no great section of this country can, under equal and respected laws, have any permanent and profound interest different from all the rest—then they will find that the loyal men of the country are longing to throw down their arms and cement a Union that shall be eternal.

But the lesson of the election is, that every constitutional act and law must be absolutely respected. There must be no threats, no revolts, and no hope of extorting terms by arms. The Constitution is the sole condition of the Government; and if citizens differ as to what is constitutional, that difference must be peacefully and constitutionally settled. This is what the people have declared by four years of war, and this is what they confirm by the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN. In himself, notwithstanding his unwearied patience, perfect fidelity, and remarkable sagacity, he is unimportant; but as the representative of the feeling and purpose of the American people he is the most important fact in the world.

One other of the most significant lessons of the election is, that the people are conscious of the power and force of their own Government. They expect the utmost vigor in the prosecution of the war by every legitimate method, and they naturally require that the authority of the Government, which is to be established by the continuance of the war, shall not be endangered by its end. When the authority of any Government is openly and forcibly defied it must be maintained unconditionally by arms. When that authority is established and unquestioned, every wise Government will be friendly, patient, conciliatory, but firm and just.

Yet the grandest lesson of the result is its vindication of the American system of free popular government. No system in history was ever exposed to such a strain directly along the fibre as that which ours has endured in the war and the political campaign, and no other could possibly have endured it successfully. The result is due to the general intelligence of the people, and to the security of perfectly free discussion. Let that be maintained and jealously defended by all parties in the land, at every country cross-road, and in every city and State, and the Union and the Government are forever secure. They have been maintained by the authority of the Government itself, and we see the result. Thank God and the people, we are a nation which comprehends its priceless importance to human progress and civilization, and which recognizes that law is the indispensable condition of Liberty.

BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Century Club in New York grew out of the Sketch Club some twenty years ago. The Sketch Club was a private social assembly of men interested in literature and art which pleasantly combined sandwiches with æsthetics, and oysters with criticism. Composed of men of every pursuit, it was a cultivated, genial, sympathetic society, of which we speak in the past tense, yet which we believe still survives. But it had a name only, and no local habitation. It was a shifting feast from house to house of the members. The "Century" was founded as a proper club. It was the natural fruit of the winged seed of the Sketch Club; it struck root and flourishes perennial.

The Saturday evenings at the Century are memorable to many whose feet seldom cross its threshold now. They ring still in the past with wit and song and laughter. The authors and artists of New York and men of cultivated and generous sympathies have been always counted among its members, and the wandering authors and artists of other countries have been gladly hailed as its guests. Among its founders was WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and upon the recent return of his birthday, when he completed his seventieth year, his fellow-members of the Century made a festival to express their respect for the man and their honor for the poet.

The Century was already famous for its festivals. For many years it had annually celebrated Twelfth Night, and there have been many a beautiful and happy holiday there of which no public mention was made. The artists who are members always secure a picturesque grace and point in the decorations, and the noble drawing room of the Club-house is a fit scene for the sparkling and illustrious company which the feasts assemble. Here, on the evening of the 5th of November, the members of the Century and an illustrious company of invited guests assembled. The great room was decorated with flowers, wreaths, the national colors, pictures and statues. Upon a slightly-raised platform stood Mr. BRYANT and Mr. BANCROFT, the historian, President of the Club, surrounded by groups of friends, among whom were EMERSON, WILLIS, HOLMES, STREET, TUCKERMAN, TAYLOR, BOKER, STODDARD, READ, and others. The President made a speech of congratulation and hope, to which Mr. BRYANT fitly and modestly responded. A chant for the poet's birthday by BAYARD TAYLOR, the music by the artist LOUIS LANG, was then sung by the choir boys of Trinity Church. Letters were read from the absent poets LONGFELLOW, HALLECK, WHITTIER, and LOWELL, followed by a short speech from EMERSON, and the recitation of poems by Messrs. HOWE, BOKER, and HOLMES. More letters were read; more poems from STODDARD and STREET; more speeches; and an album of original sketches by the most eminent American artists was presented to Mr. BRYANT with a proper stand from various members of the Club. Mr. HUNTINGTON, President of the National Academy, spoke for the artists, and the guest of the evening replied. Then there was supper, and at midnight the feast ended amidst the most friendly hilarity.

There is something very impressive in this purely literary festival upon the eve of the most important election that has occurred in the country. But it is impossible not to remember that the poet BRYANT is no dreamer. Like JOHN MILTON'S, his is no fugitive virtue cloistered and unbreathed, and his name will shine in our history like that of MILTON in the English, with the twin lustre of patriotism and poetry. STODDARD'S lines are as true as melodious when he says, speaking of the country which BRYANT has loved so well, and has so faithfully served:

> "And now, even in her sorest need,
> Pale, bleeding, faint in every limb,
> She still remembers what he is,
> And comes to honor him.
>
> "For hers, not ours, the songs we bring,
> The flowers, the music, and the light;
> And 'tis her hand that lays the wreath
> On his gray head to-night."

THE WARNING OF HISTORY

UNDER the title "State Rights, a photograph from Ancient Greece" (Munson, Albany), Professor TAYLER LEWIS, one of the most distinguished Grecians in the country, has rendered that country a signal service. The intention of his pamphlet is to show, from the history of Greece, the inevitable ruin that results from the system which we call State sovereignty. The execution of the work is masterly. The style is sinewy, sparkling, and trenchant, and the comprehensive argument, copious in scholarly illustration and impregnable in reasoning, has an impassioned glow and tension which recall the nobler works of the nation from whose history the argument is drawn. There is no work upon this momentous topic in all our political literature which is more complete or more richly rewards thoughtful study than this little treatise of Professor LEWIS.

It was issued before the election, but its importance is not limited by any such event. For it discusses the fundamental principle of the rebellion, the principle which must be thoroughly exposed and rejected before there can be national peace. The war is the conflict between National and State sovereignty. The rebellion was only possible upon that ground. Foreseeing that the development of our civilization would sooner or later show the exact relation between injustice and individual interest, and that Slavery would be revealed as the fierce rival of free labor, the Southern leaders prepared for the crisis, not by instigating a rebellion in the name of Slavery, but by deluding the popular mind with the chimera of State sovereignty. They knew that they could stimulate their followers by that appeal when every thing else was impracticable. The argument was that the Constitution was a treaty, a compact between sovereign powers, and that each power was the sole judge when the terms of the compact had been infringed, and also of the remedy. From this theory sprang the assertion that sovereign States could not lawfully be coerced, and the demand of JEFFERSON DAVIS to be "let alone."

This is the future question of the country. If secession be a reserved Constitutional right, as the rebels claim, the right may be exercised at the will of a State for any purpose satisfactory to itself. In the present instance the plea is the protection of "rights," meaning Slavery. In another it will be "rights," meaning a tariff; or some form of taxation, or whatever the leaders may choose. But whatever the pretext the principle appealed to is the principle of national disintegration and ruin. With pathetic power Professor LEWIS summons wrecked and wretched Greece from her tomb of a thousand years to show to the new world the wounds by which she fell, and to plead as only woeful experience can, against the deep damnation of the taking off of this nation.

THE GOVERNMENT.

EVERY man in the country should resist the effort which is often made to represent "the Government" as an independent and dangerous power. "The Government" does this, "the Government" does that, we are told by fiery orators, as if the Government were an oppressive and despotic tyrant.

That is a kind of talk which is intelligible elsewhere, but which has no significance here. Our Government is not something above and beyond the people; it is simply the constitutional expression of the popular will. Consequently, to resist the Government is to resist the people; for the same instrument which establishes the constitutional form of the Government also provides for correcting its errors and withstanding any conceivable invasion of popular liberty. If, for instance, a man is of opinion that any officer of the Government is exceeding his authority, he may complain, and the law gives him the remedy. But to suppose that all the officers of the Government, including, of course, the House of Representatives, are in conspiracy against popular rights is ridiculous, because the people themselves elect the Representatives every two years.

In any system, indeed, where questions are decided by ballot there may be such fraud or force that the result will not justly indicate the real wish of the people. But while such disturbing elements are found at particular points, they can not exist universally without betraying a condition of affairs which proves the popular system to be impracticable. Nobody supposes, probably, that all the votes polled at a general election in the city of New York are fair and lawful votes. The result in that city can not be held to indicate, according to the actual proportion, the ayes and noes upon any question or candidate. When, therefore, there were the same suspicion, the same uncertainty overhanging every poll in the country, there would be a distressing doubt as to the real popular will, unless the figures were palpably beyond the suspicion of fraud. But that very state of things would reveal such an indifference, timidity, or acquiescence in fraud as virtually to make the vote express the force, if not the actual numbers, of public opinion.

Votes are valuable when there are men behind them, as EMERSON says of words. The question of this rebellion is simply whether there are men behind the votes. If there are, then the Government of the United States is merely the American people willing, speaking, and acting. If there are not, then the Government is a mask, which the most daring hand will snatch and wear.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

WHEN the letters between the President and General GRANT upon the opening of the summer campaign were published, we did not especially allude to them. But we now reprint them that every man in the land may understand what cordial sympathy there is between the two men. It is not easy to parallel, it is impossible to surpass, in history the simple manliness of this correspondence. Two honest, faithful, sagacious men, who have one cause only at heart, that of the country—who are each peculiarly representative of a certain indomitable patience and tenacity which is characteristically American, are providentially in this emergency at the head of our civil and military administration. If the Government had always been in such hands we should have had no war to deplore. Let every citizen at home and soldier and sailor in the service carefully read and ponder these letters:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON April 30, 1864.

"*Lieutenant-General Grant*:

"Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know, nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there be any thing wanting, which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

"And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you. Yours, very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

GRANT'S REPLY.

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
CULPEPPER COURT-HOUSE, May 1, 1864.

"THE PRESIDENT,—Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future and satisfaction for the past in my military administration is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day I have never had cause of complaint, have never expressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty.

"Indeed since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness which every thing asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant,
"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

As the winter approaches, and a winter which the weather-wise assure us is to be peculiarly severe, it is alarming to remark how frequent are railway accidents. The disaster upon the New Haven Road, followed immediately by that upon the New London, and again upon the Hudson, and by several Western accidents, with that of a week since upon the Erie, aroused the public mind for a moment; but the interest of the election overpowered all other public care. Now that it is past, we hope that the dangers of the railways may be remembered to some good result.

There is no doubt that many of our railroads are allowed to fall into a perilous state before proper measures are taken to avoid fatal consequences. The sleepers and the rails are often notoriously worn out before they are replaced, and passengers are daily whirled along tracks which they pass with fear and trembling. The New Haven railroad, or the Harlem track, is for several miles the only direct land avenue out of New York into New England. The travel is immense. The passage of trains is incessant. The security of the road should, therefore, be almost perfect. Yet it was matter of common conversation during the summer that the road was in bad order, and nobody who traveled much upon it was surprised when the late accident occurred.

We do not say that the particular accident was avoidable. Some defect in the iron, which it was not possible to know until it was exposed to precisely the conditions which made disaster inevitable, may explain this accident, as similar reasons will explain others. But that very fact should impress upon the managers of railroads the necessity of the most careful scientific observation. What is the effect upon iron of the movement of heavy trains? In what way may the natural consequences of possible but unperceived defects be best obviated? All such questions should be constantly entertained and answered by study and experiment.

It is true that, in view of the constant and enormous railroad travel in this country, great disasters are comparatively infrequent. At every hour of the day and night there are thousands of human beings thundering along upon the rails, yet, upon the whole, how few are hurt! It is computed that the Illinois Central Railroad has transported thirty millions of people, the entire population of the United States, and without the loss of a single life, except through the acknowledged fault of the sufferer. Such a record is as honorable as it is remarkable. Yet with proper care it might be the rule of every road. It is one of the immutable laws that, as the sailor expressed it, God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do right. Nor can there be any question that the safer a railroad is, the more profitable it is.

We warn the managers that peculiar care is necessary, now that the frosts are coming; and that the public will not accept any easy apology for an appalling tragedy.

PARTIES.

BECAUSE Patriotism requires in times of public peril the earnest support of certain candidates, it does not therefore become Party-spirit. Patriotism is not neutrality between policies proposed; on the contrary, it is the faithful support of that policy which promises greater security to the Government. Parties are inevitable and desirable in every constitutional system. But when we speak of such parties we mean, of course, men and policies which aim always at the better preservation of the nation. There is such a thing as faction as well as party. There is such a thing as a traitor as well as a political opponent. Thus BENEDICT ARNOLD was not a true American whose political views differed from those of WASHINGTON; he was a traitor. Thus also JEFFERSON DAVIS is not an honest political opponent; he is a rebel.

Hostility to causeless and bloody rebellion is a patriotic duty, which, we trust, we shall never forget. Whatever favors rebellion or excuses rebels will always be resisted by truly patriotic citizens. Rebellion can not, in any legitimate sense, be a party policy. It has not been so in this country, although the rebels hoped it might be made so. The true men of all the old parties stood together for the Government, and they stand there now. And, at such a time as this, the only legitimate party division is a rivalry of Patriotism. Which shall most swiftly and surely and unconditionally vindicate the national honor, maintain the national authority, and defend the national domain? These are the only questions that ought now to be entertained by the American people.

And upon these questions there can not properly be any mere party division. The election of November 8 has destroyed all existing parties. Mr. Lincoln is not elected because he was a Republican, nor General M'Clellan defeated because he was a Democrat. The election is the expression of the overpowering determination of the people that there shall be no parties during a war for the life of the nation. We have but one duty before us, and that is to defend the nation against foreign and domestic foes. A vigorous and unyielding war is now heartily accepted by the people as the only way to peace.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.

This Society, now in its fifth year, is designed for the relief of suffering artists. It is in fact a Mutual Insurance Company, the source of its receipts being an annual sale of pictures contributed by the members. Among the piles of political and purely commercial pamphlets it is a pleasure to come upon the simple, modest statement of the operations of this Society for its fourth year. It has a fund of thirteen thousand dollars in the treasury, yielding an income of about one thousand dollars. The required value of contributions is fifty dollars each. They are collected in a gallery, and after proper exhibition are sold. The results of the last sale showed an average of seventy-six dollars for each contributor, against seventy-three in the previous year. Mr. Casilear was the retiring President—we intend no pun, although the pun would be equally true—and the management is entirely in the hands of the artists. Friendly, genial brotherhood! the heart is drawn to their peaceful labors all the more warmly in the stormy times upon which we are cast. And, like their brethren the authors, never do they appear in a lovelier light than that of charity to each other—and to their critics.

A NEW VOLUME OF "HARPER."

With the December Number of *Harper's Magazine* begins the Thirtieth Volume, and it begins with unabated energy and interest. The hold which this monthly has upon the popular heart is unrelaxing, as it ought to be; for there is no magazine published which is more skillfully adapted to the popular sympathy and taste. The facilities of the Publishers enable them to secure the earliest publication of the best stories of the best English authors, as well as the contributions of the most attractive American writers. Dickens's tale, "Our Mutual Friend"—one of his most characteristic works—was begun in June, and is regularly continued every month. Ross Browne's "Tour through Arizona," illustrated by his own drawings, give the freshest and most amusing passages of American travel and adventure; while the popular historian of Napoleon, John S. C. Abbott, begins, in the December Number, "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," being the most interesting and brilliant passages in the history of the war for the Union.

In this Number also begins the new novel of Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc. It is called "Armadale," and it opens with commanding interest and a maturer power. The first number thoroughly arouses the reader's interest and expectation, and is superior in its characteristic way to any opening chapters of his previous works. These, with the usual miscellany, compose a monthly feast which we heartily commend to all our readers. Wilkie Collins has fairly won his laurels. He is now showing that he can justly wear them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two fast young men, just returning home after a night's carousal, saw the sun rising. One of them insisted it was the sun, the other that it was the moon. They agreed to leave it to the first man they met. He also had been out on a lark. "Excuse me, Sir, but my friend and I have made a little bet whether that's the sun or the moon that's now rising, and we've agreed to have you decide the matter." "Fact is, gentlemen, I should be very happy; but you see I'm a stranger in the city, and been out all night!"

"The Good Old Times."—The old times were not good times, at least for servants. Here is a deed which, nowadays, would be deemed most brutal and unmanly, recorded in *Pepys' Diary* as rather commendable than otherwise: "December 2, 1680. This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried exceedingly."

A Discovery.—How many feet has a horse?—Six; *fore*-feet in front and two behind.

"Paddy," said a wag, "your ears are too long." "Divil a bit uv thrubble does that give me; but yours are too short altogither for the braying baste that yees be."

The Highest Kind of Architecture—Building castles in the air.

The Light of Other Days—Oil lamps.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?—Because neither of them are satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

This is worth noting: wit's controll'd by dullness;
The deepest thought can scarce be said in fullness;
Elixir to the blood of two or three,
Poison to lives of common men 'twould be.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual that had fallen into a gutter. "Can't say, Sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give any account of himself." "Of course not," replied the other; "how are you to expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

"A word in your *privat-eer*," as Captain Winslow said to Semmes when he fired his 11-inch shell into the *Alabama*.

NO DORG TO LOVE.

No dorg to love, none to karess,
How can I ever mi sadness ekspress?
Chunck is defunct, dead as a nale;
Hushed is his barkin, and still is his tale.
O such a tale, white on the end,
Opht did he chase it with wiggle and bend;
Chase it with nose twisting around,
Till overcum he reposed on the ground.
Now he's ekstinct, dead as a nale,
Where is the bark and the wag of his tale?

In dreams alone, poor Chunck I see,
Swigging his milk, or else skratching a flea;
'Tis but a dream, waking I weep,
For under 2 feet of ground does he sleep.
O blissful pup, onst full of pla,
Hav'n't I fed you day after day?
Given you milk, given you bread,
Given you mani a pat on the head?
Now you're ekstinct, dead as a nale,
Where is the bark and the wag of your tale?

What is the difference between a cat and a document?—One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.

The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song-writer, the latter said to him: "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh yes," said Jerrold, "I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

Vegetable life is more vigorous than animal life. A tree can stand a great deal more hacking than a man.

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me a monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one!"

Wanted—By an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

To hear a declaration of love a young lady will give her ears.

If all swallows had wings and bills, what a fluttering and twittering there would be in some stomachs.

The following is ingenious as a specimen of two meanings in the same words, after the manner of the old revolutionary quibble in which King George was at once denounced and applauded. The one sense is found in reading the two columns, the other in reading across as if there was but one:

I always did intend	To take to me a wife
Single my life to spend,	Would grieve my very life.
It much delighteth me	To think upon a bride,
To live from women free,	I can't be satisfied.
It's sure a happy life	'Tis woman is the thing
To live without a wife,	Such troubles on us bring
A female to my mind	The joy I can't express
I ne'er expect to find	So great in singleness.
A bachelor to live	I never could agree
My mind I freely give	A married man to be.

"Grammar class, stand up and recite. Tom, parse girls."

Pupil. "Girls is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule."

Consolation Stakes.—Those you get at a city tavern the day after you have tried to eat the article at home.

Caution.—The other day a lady, while stooping over her sewing-machine, suddenly got a most painful stitch in her side.

Matches, like every thing else, have "gone up." Young ladies and parsons greatly fear that the upward tendency will be detrimental to "*match-making*."

The son who recently had a fifty-acre lot left him by his father is said to be "contented with his lot."

"Fast" and "Slow" Writers—Swift and Crabbe.

A celebrated divine in the west of Scotland, while one day taking his usual walk, happened to come on a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. Always fond of conversation with children, he at once began his interrogatories as follows: "Well, my little man, what's this you're doing?" "Making a hoose, Sir." "What kind o' a hoose?" "A kirk, Sir." "Where's the door?" "There it's," replied the boy, pointing with his finger. "Where's the pulpit?" "There," said the boy. The doctor, now thinking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy, again asked, "Ay, but where's the minister?" The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and with a scratch of his head, replied, "Oh, I hav'na enough o' dirt to make him."

Dr. Tomkins showed one of his friends a surgical instrument ornamented with a handle carved in bone. "By-the-by," said he, "do you know what that handle is made of?" "Of ivory?" "No, you are wrong there," said the doctor, with tears in his eyes; "that handle is the thigh-bone of my poor aunt."

A person lately inquired how often fresh meat could be supplied to a family residing for the summer season in a village not many miles from Brechin. "Weel, weel, Sir," replied a woman apparently well acquainted with the capabilities of the district, "ye maun gie yer orders aforehand, as our butcher only kills half a beast at a time."

At the Winchester sessions four men were indicted for stealing beans. A gentleman present asked another, "What have they been doing?" "Bean stealing," was the reply.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied—"He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."

A Forensic Swordsman.—Mr. Sergeant Parry is retained on behalf of Müller. Certainly Parry is a promising name for a defense.

A traveler who was detained an hour by some mischance, shortened his stay by "making a 'minute' of it." There's philosophy for you.

One of the *Pill-grim* Fathers—Brandreth.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

On Tuesday, the 8th of November, the people of the twenty-five loyal States voted for the President and Vice-President of the United States. On the same day in seven of these States, namely, New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Nevada, there were also held elections of State officers. The election was proceeded with quietly, without even the ordinary commotion. Every possible and expedient measure was adopted to secure this end both by the General and State Governments. There had been rumors of a meditated invasion of States on the Northern border, and of violent schemes involving the release of rebel prisoners and the destruction of the principal Northern cities. The indications that such violence was contemplated were considered sufficient to justify the Government in sending troops North in such numbers, and so disposed, as to render these attempts, if made, utterly useless. Every precaution, however, was taken that these armed men should not even appear, unless absolutely necessary. Major-General Butler was sent to New York City to take command of the troops which were arriving here to meet the existing emergencies.

As we go to press the returns of the election are incomplete; but it is certain that Abraham Lincoln has been re-elected President and Andrew Johnson elected Vice-President of the United States by overwhelming majorities.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

Since the movement of October 27 nothing important has occurred in the armies of the James and of the Potomac. On the night of the 30th (Sunday) the rebels effected an entrance into the picket line at the point of connection of the Second and Fifth Corps, and passing from one post to another took all the pickets prisoners. The number captured was nearly 400. It was intended to follow up this adroitly-executed scheme by an assault at the same point, but this was frustrated by the escape of one of the pickets, who gave prompt information of the enemy's movement. Some time previous to this event the same trick had been as successfully played upon the enemy. The point where the Second and Fifth Corps connect appears to be an inviting goal, at which all rebel assaults on the Army of the Potomac are specially directed.

Nothing more than the usual guerrilla warfare affords a topic of news in the Valley since the battle of Cedar Creek. On the 26th General Duffie was captured by guerrillas between Martinsburg and Winchester. On the 22d General Early issued an address to his army. He said that he had hoped to congratulate them on a splendid victory won by them at Belle Grove, on Cedar Creek, where they had surprised and routed two corps of Sheridan's army, capturing 18 pieces of artillery and 1500 prisoners; but that he had the mortification of announcing to them that by their subsequent misconduct they lost all the benefits of their victory, and incurred a serious disaster. He attributed the defeat of October 19 wholly to the disorderly conduct of his men. He said that if any considerable number of them had made a stand, even at the last, the disaster would have been averted, "but under the insane dread of being flanked, and a panic-stricken terror of the enemy's cavalry," they would listen to no appeal, and had allowed a small body of cavalry to take their trains and artillery.

On the 19th and 20th of October an important correspondence occurred between Lieutenant-General Grant and General Lee in regard to the treatment of prisoners. General Lee opened the correspondence. He stated that all negroes taken by the Confederates were treated by them as prisoners of war unless they were identified as property of citizens or residents of the Confederate States. From these no labor was exacted. Those who were identified as slaves occupied a different position. He referred to the policy of the American States in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, and said that they had returned to their owners all slaves captured in war who had been abducted from those owners by the British armies. He said that the negroes who had been employed on the rebel lines of fortification were slaves, but they had been thus employed through an error of his engineer officer, and were meant to be sent into the interior. General Grant replied that all Federal soldiers when captured by the Confederates must be treated as prisoners of war; if they were treated otherwise he must resort to the policy of retaliation.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

A dispatch from General Blunt, dated Neosho, Missouri, October 30, says that on the 28th he came up with Price at Newtown, and after a severe fight of three or four hours, drove the enemy from the field in confusion, with the loss of over 200, including two Colonels. Our total loss was about 120. The Federal troops consisted of Ford's and Jennison's brigades of Blunt's Division. The enemy was fully 10,000 strong. Price is retreating toward Cassville, and will be vigorously pursued. Price has been utterly defeated in his Missouri campaign, and chiefly by the cooperation of Kansas troops and by Pleasanton's prompt movements. The rebel General was exactly repeating his original campaign in the State in 1861. He was then outgeneraled by Halleck, and after his forced retreat from the State was hard pushed, and at Pea Ridge suffered a terrible defeat. Will Rosecrans give us a second Pea Ridge?

General Sherman, two days after the battle of Allatoona, issued the following congratulatory order:

"In the Field, Kenesaw Mountain, *Oct.* 7, 1864.

"Special Field Orders No. 86.—The General Commanding avails himself of the opportunity in the handsome defense made of 'Allatoona,' to illustrate the most important principle in war, that fortified posts should be defended to the last, regardless of the relative numbers of the party attacking and attacked.

"Allatoona was garrisoned by three regiments, commanded by Colonel Tourtelotte, and reinforced by a detachment from a division at Rome, under command of Brigadier-General J. M. Corse, on the morning of the 5th, and a few hours after was attacked by French's Division of Stewart's corps, two other divisions being near at hand, and in support. Gen. French demanded a surrender, in a letter, to 'avoid a useless effusion of blood,' and gave but five minutes for answer. Gen. Corse's answer was emphatic and strong, that he and his command were ready for the 'useless effusion of blood' as soon as it was agreeable to General French.

"This was followed by an attack which was prolonged for five hours, resulting in the complete repulse of the enemy, who left his dead on the ground, amounting to more than two hundred, and four hundred prisoners, well and wounded. The 'effusion of blood' was not 'useless,' as the position at Allatoona was and is very important to our present and future operations.

"The thanks of this army are due, and are hereby accorded, to General Corse, Colonel Tourtelotte, officers and men, for their determined and gallant defense of Allatoona, and it is made an example to illustrate the importance of preparing in time, and meeting the danger, when present, boldly, manfully, and well.

"This army, though unseen to the garrison, was co-operating by moving toward the road by which the enemy could alone escape, but unfortunately were delayed by the rain and mud; but this fact hastened the retreat of the enemy.

"Commanders and garrisons of the posts along our railroads are hereby instructed that they must hold their posts till the last minute, sure that the time gained is valuable and necessary to their comrades at the front.

"By order of Major-General Sherman."

CAPTURE OF THE "FLORIDA."

We are able this week to record another naval triumph which blots from the sea the most powerful privateer of the Confederacy. On the 7th of October the pirate steamer *Florida* was captured by the United States steamer *Wachusett* in the Bay of Salvador, Brazil. Fifty-eight of the crew and twelve officers of the pirate were taken without the loss of a man. Eight of the crew and the surgeon arrived on the *Kearsarge* at Boston November 7. The details of the capture are as follows:

The *Florida* arrived at Bahia, Bay of San Salvador, on the night of October 7. The *Wachusett* was in the same port, and Captain Collins, commanding the vessel, after consultation with his officers, determined to sink the *Florida*. The privateer was attacked at three o'clock in the morning, and completely surprised. The *Florida* was compelled to surrender. Captain Morris, commanding the privateer, and a portion of his crew, were on shore at the time, and were not captured. The capture of this vessel in a measure compensates us for the report that the *Tallahassee* is again at work, and that two new privateers are afloat, namely, the *Chickamauga* and the *Olustee*.

The *Chickamauga* is commanded by Lieutenant John Wilkinson, an old officer of the United States Navy, who resigned at the beginning of the war. The vessel is a screw steamer, and carries an armament of three guns—one 32-pounder and two 24's. She is manned by 150 men, and ran out of Wilmington on the night of October 27.

The *Olustee* is an iron screw steamer, 1100 tons burden, 220 feet long, and very fast. She ran out of Wilmington on the night of the 30th, and is commanded by Lieutenant William H. Ward, of Virginia, who was also an old officer of the United States Navy.

A REBEL PLOT.

The rebels have been scheming to liberate the prisoners confined at Camp Douglas, Chicago, on the day of election. The plot, however, was discovered in time to prevent its execution, and the conspirators were arrested. In nearly every case arms and ammunition were found in the possession of the suspected persons. One of those arrested is Colonel Marmaduke, brother of the rebel General.

SOUTHERN CONSCRIPTION OF SLAVES.

The Richmond *Examiner* says that the extension of the Conscript law to slaves is daily growing in favor, and will be adopted by the next Confederate Congress. The Montgomery *Appeal* regards the proposition as unwise if not dangerous, and objects to it as a fatal blow to the institution of slavery, and as an indication that all other resources have been exhausted. The Mobile *Tribune* says that every thing must be sacrificed to the independence of the Confederacy. As to the effects of the proposition on subsistence the Richmond *Examiner* says: "The *production* of supplies is not our present difficulty, but their transportation and distribution. Negroes now do not aid in the transportation of supplies, but when in the army they may be used to further that great military end as well as to fight."

All, however, do not agree with the *Examiner*; at least one of its correspondents, who signs himself A. B., does not. This correspondent says that the negro, if conscripted, would, he believes, desert to the Yankees; and calls attention to the fact that the negroes in the Federal army never desert to the rebels. The *Examiner* answers that the negro fears to desert to the Confederates, but would not have this apprehension if he should see negroes in their army, and understand that these negroes were rewarded with freedom and a home in the South. "But," says A. B., "the negroes won't fight." The *Examiner* replies: "We confess that at one time we entertained the same opinion. A distinguished general officer, writing to us privately upon this subject (we wish we could give the public the weight and influence of his name), answers this objection. He says: 'Fort Gilmer, the other day, showed they would fight. They raised each other over the parapet, to be shot as they appeared above.' But fighting is not the only duty demanded of soldiers. In the Crimean war 'over one hundred thousand men' were employed outside of the army. The 'Work Party corps' of the British army, employed on roads, was over ten thousand. The negroes are wanted, not only as soldiers, but as laborers and working men, to relieve the soldiers."

In conclusion, the *Examiner* says: "We are not prepared to say that this measure is demanded by our present exhaustion. We do not believe it is. But the future must be provided for; and it must be apparent to every sensible man that the drain upon the population of the Confederate States which this war has made must eventually exhaust those States, unless something is done to supply this drain from other sources than the white population. The Conscription law can not be extended to any greater age, and its execution, however much improved, can not find the men to supply the losses as fast as the campaigns create them. Shall we permit the enemy to use the negroes against us, or shall we make use of them for our defense?"

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

It appears now to be a settled policy of the English Government to allow its colonial dependencies the privilege of a separate government whenever they may choose, or feel prepared to release themselves from their former obligations. For this reason the project of a Canadian Confederation is now being considered. In case of war between England and the United States the latter would strike the former through an attack on Canada, which would compel England to transport a large military and naval force across the Atlantic. It would be impossible in this situation for England to escape utter defeat. The inhabitants of Australia are now at issue with the Mother Country. There is much angry dissatisfaction among them on account of the transportation of convicts to the western part of Australia. This had become a just cause of alarm and a reasonable occasion for a protest. The protest having been disregarded, the Australians have quite saucily hinted that the Crown may choose between an accession to their demands or their independence. It is probable that the matter will be compromised.

Lord Stanley has been making a speech in England which has excited great attention. The only complaint made against it is that it has too much coolness and common sense in its composition. He first expressed his opinion in regard to the American war. He, like General Sherman, thinks that the war is only just begun. He believes that the Federals will finally succeed for all the purposes of conquest, but that then will come the greater difficulty, namely, the maintenance of this conquest. He does not believe that we shall be exhausted by the drain on our resources in men or money, and he hints that among our resources may be that of repudiation. Passing from the American to the Italian question, Stanley thinks that the solution of the latter will be promoted by the arrangement made by France. In regard to Germany, Lord Stanley expects that the petty sovereignties will soon disappear, the Confederation having broken down. He says that the breaking up of the Turkish Empire is only a question of time. He disapproves of forcing convicts upon Australia. In regard to the franchise he says: "It is not now the upper, it is the middle class—the owners of the greater part of the property of the country, and by far the most powerful class in it—that exercises political supremacy at the present day. They are not likely to part with it—that is, of their own free will (at least, if they do, it will be a fact new in the history of this country); and I see no such movement on the part of the working-classes which would be likely to overbear the resistance which might be expected."

The United States steamer *Sacramento* was lately refused a supply of coals at the British ports, because that three months had not elapsed since the last supply. This is all very well if the neutrality laws are as rigidly applied to rebel pirates.

Mr. Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of Treasury, has been issuing a manifesto to the foreign agents of the Confederacy for the purpose of discouraging Europeans from any investment in United States bonds. The alacrity with which the Germans lately seized these bonds irritated the too excitable Secretary, and he forthwith sat down to prove that the United States debt is half as large as that of England, while the annual interest is in both cases nearly equal.

Lord Palmerston was aged eighty years on the 20th of October. Already Englishmen begin to talk of his successor.

A grand bazar was established October 18 at St. George's Hall in Liverpool for the purpose of affording pecuniary aid to Confederate prisoners of war. It was inaugurated under the most aristocratic auspices. Among the visitors we notice the name of Henry de Houghton, who lately exerted himself so strenuously for the benefit of the Peace party at the North. During the first day £3170 was realized from the sales, and nearly as much on the second. Madame Erlanger, formerly Miss Slidell, has announced her intention of getting up a similar bazar in Paris.

The commercial failures in England continue to excite apprehension.

MEXICO.

There is no longer any formidable armed opposition to the imperial government in Mexico. The war continues, but it is now reduced to a series of guerrilla operations. Ortega has fled, and nearly all of his late forces have either been captured or have joined the imperialists. Juarez has also disappeared. Cortinas, on the 26th of October, surrendered Matamoras to General Mejia in the following terms:

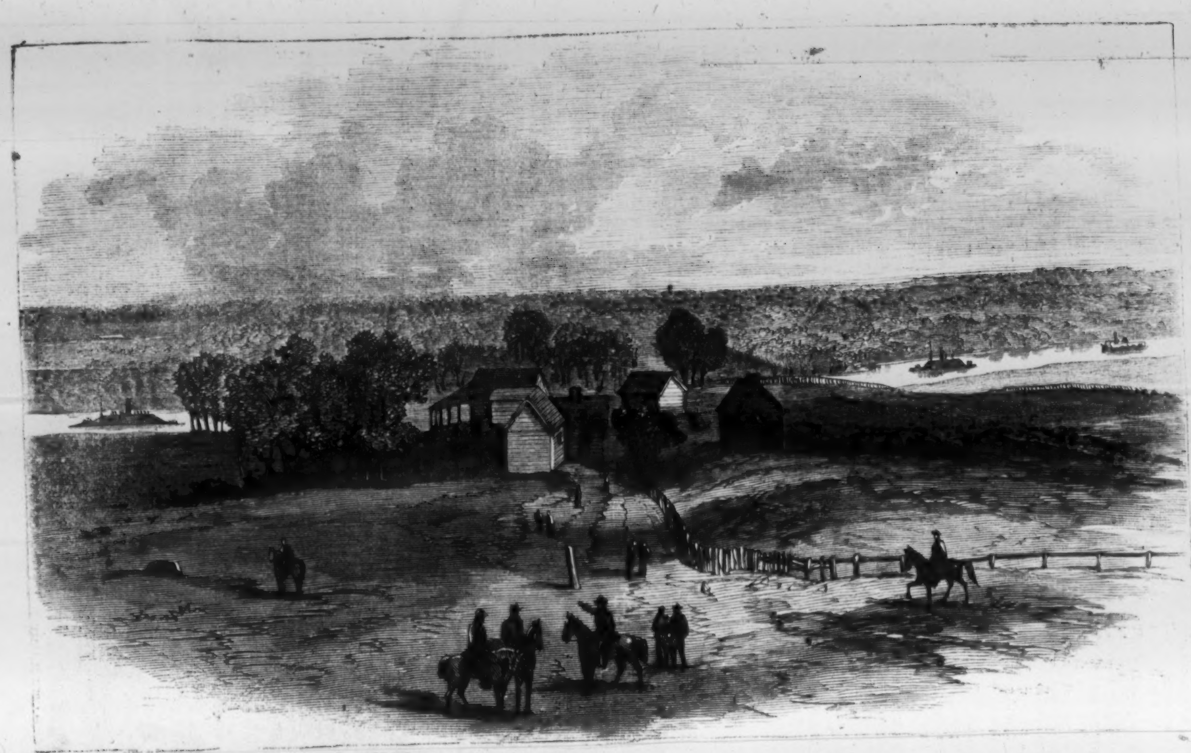
"Most Excellent Sir,—I and the Mexican troops which, until to-day, I have had the honor to command, *submit ourselves loyally to the imperial government*, conformably to the tenor of your Excellency's esteemed communication, which I have just received.

"We rely on the personal and official protection of your Excellency; in the magnanimity of the new government, which from this day forth we recognize, and in the conscientiousness of our good faith, to receive a treatment worthy of the good name of the country to which we belong. And your Excellency, as our new chief, will be pleased to command us as you see fit, in the understanding that the town and all it contains are completely at your disposal.

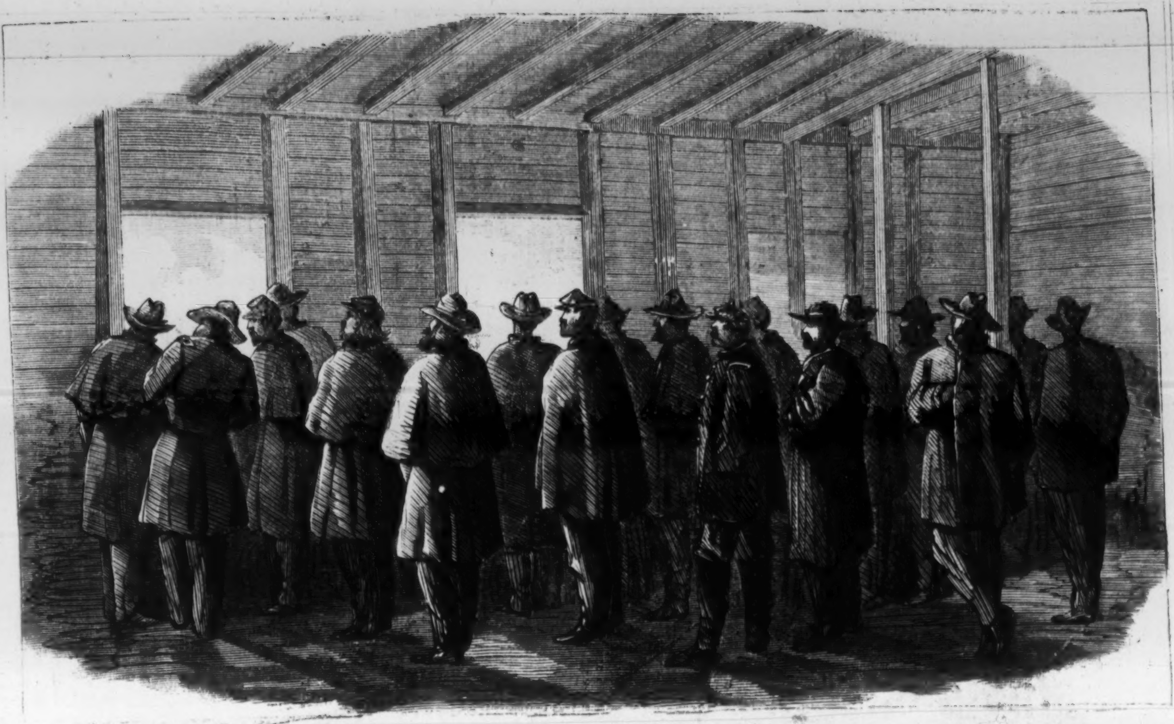
"Independence and liberty.

"Juan N. Cortina.

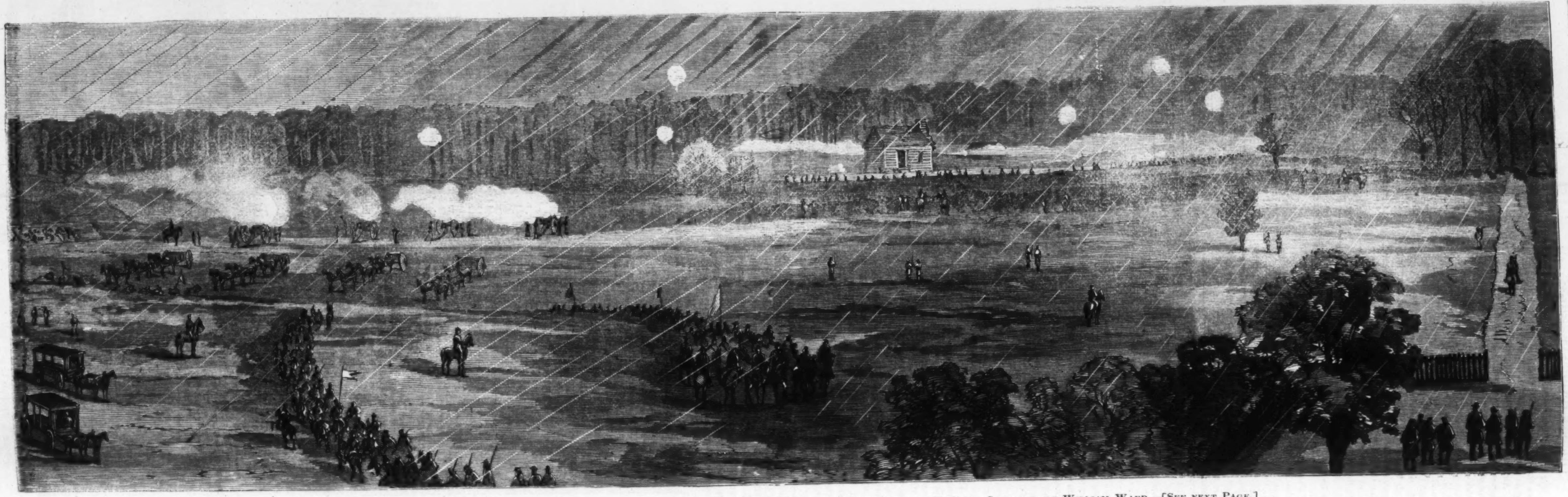
"Heroic Matamoras, *Sept.* 26, 1864."



CONFEDERATE IRON-CLADS ON THE JAMES, BELOW CHAFFIN'S BLUFF.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



GEN. BUTLER AND STAFF WATCHING THE BATTLE FROM JOHNSON HOUSE, October 27, 1864.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



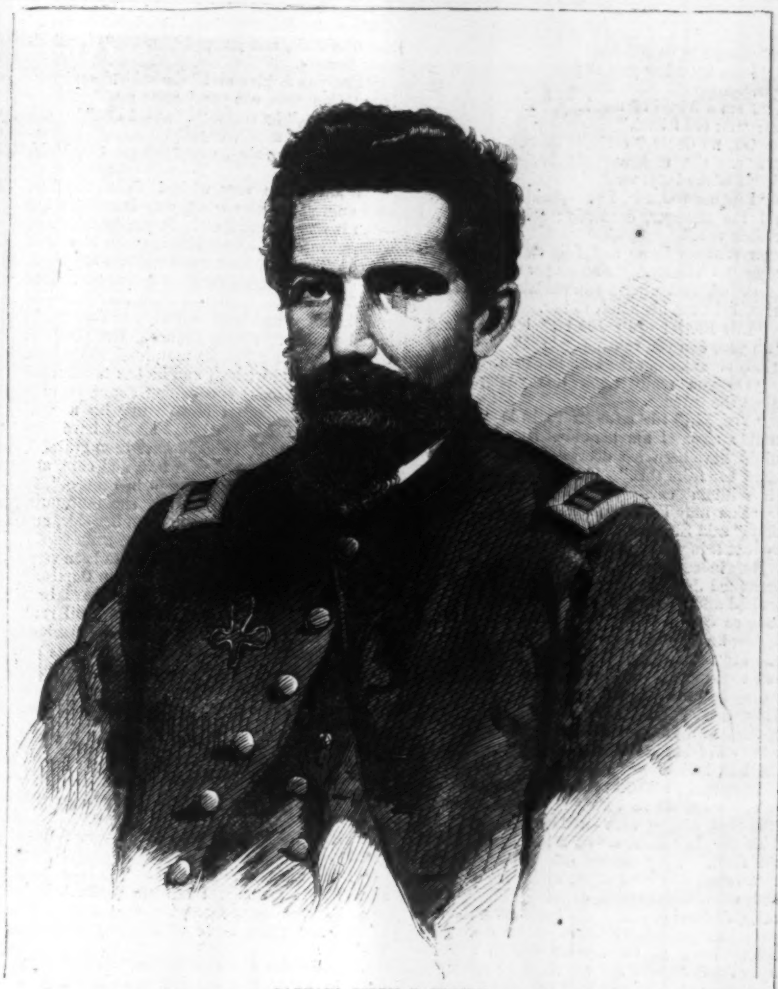
GENERAL TERRY'S CORPS ENGAGING THE REBEL WORKS ON THE DARBYTOWN ROAD, October 27, 1864.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See next Page.]

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

ON this and the preceding page, and on page 748, we engrave illustrations of recent events in the Virginia Campaign.

An incident of unusual interest, though not important in its military bearings, was the capture of one of the rebel forts in front of Petersburg on the night of October 27, of which we give an illustration on this page, together with a portrait of Captain J. Z. BROWN, who took a prominent part in the assault. The Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps, under EGAN and MOTT, were engaged in the movement against the Southside Railroad, and only MILES's Division was left to guard the intrenchments of the Second Corps. In the course of the day the enemy in front had also been greatly weakened to resist our columns moving on his right flank. In the evening MILES ordered a reconnoissance to discover the force in his immediate front. For this purpose one hundred volunteers were solicited from the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Besides Captain BROWN, four officers also volunteered: Lieutenants P. D. SPANGLE, ALEXANDER GIBB, J. F. BENNER, and Captain H. D. PRICE. Forming in a trench leading from our picket line to the rebel fort in front, and armed with Spencer's seven shooters, they advanced over a space of two hundred and fifty yards against the fort, which was garrisoned by the Forty-sixth Virginia. The garrison was surprised, and our men advancing in front and on both flanks entered, and after a sharp skirmish took possession, capturing four commissioned officers, among whom was a nephew of Governor HENRY A. WISE. Captain PRICE was the first to enter the fort and was immediately afterward shot. We regret very much that it is impossible for us to give a portrait of Captain PRICE, a gallant officer, who entered the service originally as a private, and rose step by step from a Sergeant to First Lieutenant, and finally to a Captain's rank. He was a son of the Reverend Mr. PRICE, an Episcopal clergyman of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. The fort captured was in our possession half an hour when it was abandoned, on the arrival of fresh troops from other portions of the rebel line. It is impossible to say what advantages might have been gained by our troops if there had been a strong force on the ground ready to support and follow up this daring and successful assault.

The illustrations on page 748 relate to the operations of the Second and Fifth Corps, October 27. It will be remembered that in the advance against the enemy's right the Ninth Corps served as a pivot, the Fifth and Second taking more circuitous routes to the left. The Second Corps starting at half past 3 A.M., from a point in the vicinity of the Fifth Corps on the Weldon Road, advanced along the Vaughan Road, and crossing Hatcher's Run, struck for the Boydton plank road, up which they advanced with the intention of turning the enemy's extreme right. The sketch which we engrave of Armstrong's Mills shows the rebel works taken by the Second Corps in the morning. These works were on Hatcher's Run. It was at this point that the Fifth Corps came up, when the Second advanced, as already stated, toward the Boydton Road. The Fifth were to advance up the Run and connect with the right of the Second, but failing to do so on account of an imperfect knowledge of the country, a gap was left between the two columns, which, although it led to no serious reverse, yet gave the enemy so decided an advantage as to frustrate the main design of the movement. General CRAWFORD, although he failed to connect with the Second Corps, succeeded in capturing two or three hundred prisoners, including four officers, who were during the night conducted to the rear. This was difficult to accomplish, as the night was very dark, and the way led through dense woods and undergrowth, and the enemy, moreover, was in close proximity. Not a prisoner escaped, orders having been given to shoot the first man who stepped out of rank. The escape of a single man to the enemy would have resulted in their becoming acquainted with our movements. General CRAWFORD headed the column in person, picking his way along the bewildering roads by means of a compass.



CAPTAIN JERRY Z. BROWN.

We can not dismiss the operations on the left without alluding to the brilliant conduct of General EGAN's division of the Second Corps. To understand the operations of this corps we must remember that it left the Vaughan Road before crossing Hatcher's Run, passing over to the Duncur Road, further west. Crossing on this road southward, it then advanced westward, and striking the Boydton Road again turned north up that road toward the Run. EGAN, who was in the advance, was about to cross, having already captured a line of works on the south bank, when MOTT's Division, at his right, was attacked and pushed back. This left EGAN's Division entirely exposed in that direction. His left was protected by GREGG's cavalry. He altered his line, forming a square, and thus protecting flank and rear stood the brunt of three successive charges. These assaults were not only repulsed with severe loss to the enemy, but each repulse was followed by a counter-charge. EGAN succeeded in capturing nearly a thousand prisoners. MOTT's Division was re-formed, and also captured several hundred prisoners.

Turning now to page 740, we have there three illustrations which relate to operations north of the James. One of these is a view of the Confederate iron-clads on the James River below Chaffin's Bluff, on the left of BUTLER's army. Two miles below the Bluff, at the Boulare House and at Signal Hill, two Federal batteries have lately been posted. On the 22d of October a sharp artillery duel took place between these and the rebel gun-boats, the latter consisting of the *Virginia*, *Richmond*, *Fredericksburg*, *Hampton*, and *Drewry*. The *Drewry* was struck by a shell, which blew up a gun-carriage and wounded five men. The *Fredericksburg* had her smoke-stack destroyed and six men wounded. The gunboats finally retired out of range.

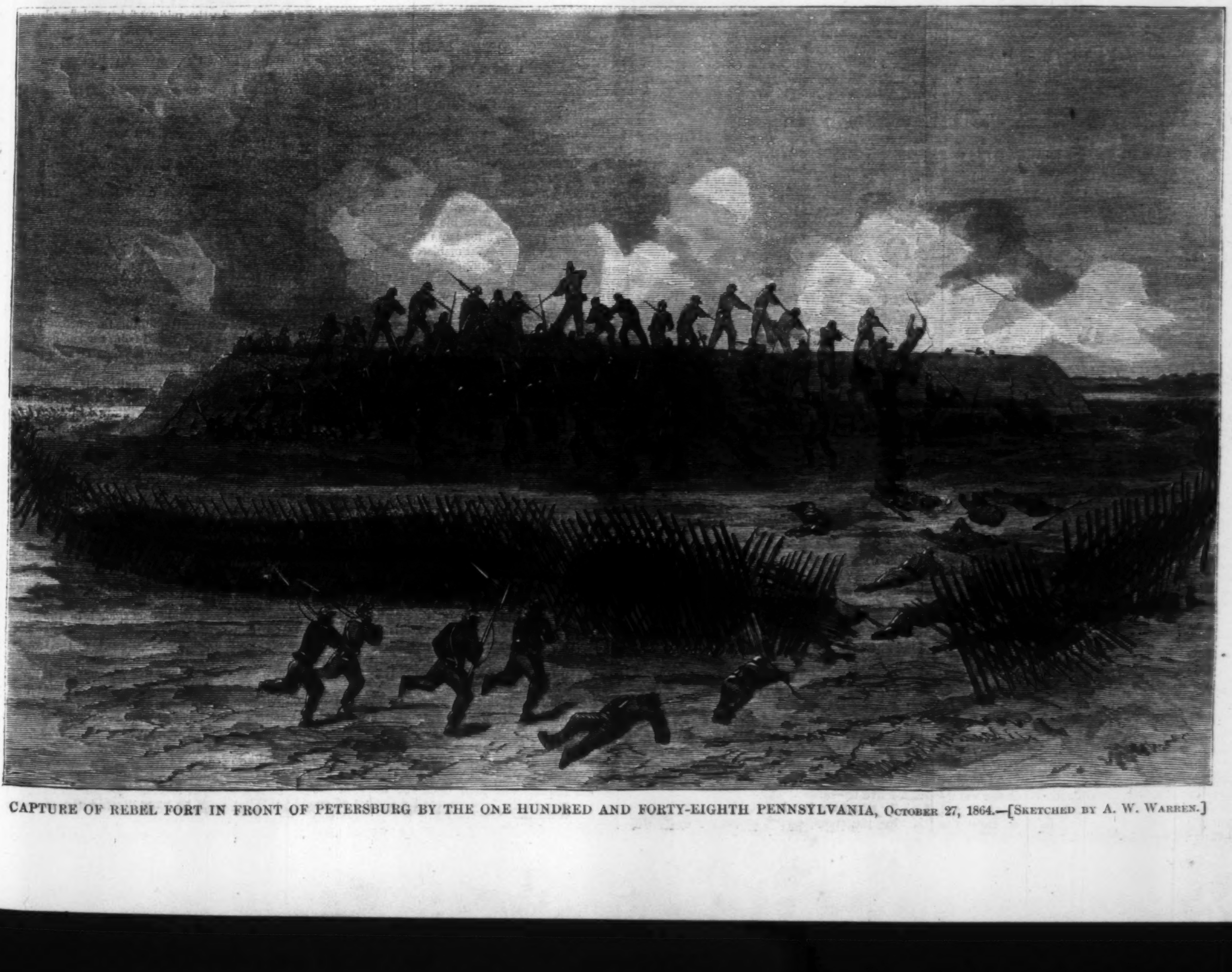
The remaining sketches on the page relate to the movement of BUTLER's army on the 27th, and especially to the operations of the Tenth Corps on and beyond the Darbytown Road. The forenoon was occupied in skirmishing. At noon the advance was ordered, and the enemy was driven inside of his intrenchments, from which he kept up a severe fire all along the line. Our men lay up close to the enemy's works and returned his fire, but without much effect, while suffering many casualties themselves. The First Connecticut Battery, Captain CLINTON, replied to a battery of the enemy's by shelling the woods and the rebel works in front. The action is represented in the sketch as it appeared from the Johnson House, from the windows of which General BUTLER and his staff witnessed the battle. This group of officers is given in another sketch on the same page.

AN APPEAL.

IT would not cost you much, dear,
  To linger in the shade,
While our gay companions wander
  Up and down the woodland glade:
Let the red fern droop around us,
  And the dead leaves flutter down,
Our hearts are fresh and green, dear,
  Though the forest's scorch'd and brown.

It would not cost you much, dear,
  To let me see your hand
Ungloved—though well I know it
  For the fairest in the land:
And those dainty little fingers
  For an instant might I hold;
It would not cost you much, dear;
  To me, 'twere gain untold!

It would not cost you much, dear,
  To hear me whisper low
A secret I discovered
  Not quite a week ago.
Would you promise, having told you,
  That I *never* need repent?
Ah! you guess it! No reply?
  But your silence gives consent!



CAPTURE OF REBEL FORT IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG BY THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LVI.

AT REST.

Seeing that the countess was seriously injured, Mr. M'Variety elevated himself upon the edge of the ring, and inquired if there were a doctor present. There were several doctors present, all eager and anxious to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the public. There never is any lack of practitioners when accidents occur at places of public entertainment. M.D.'s in the stalls, M.B.'s in the boxes, M.R.C.S.'s in the pit; dentists in the slips, and herbalists in the gallery. It is like asking a question of a clever class at a normal school; a score of arms go up at once. Get off your horse in a London thoroughfare, when you don't happen to be attended by a groom, and bridle-holders innumerable start up out of the earth. Medical advice was showered thickly upon Mr. M'Variety; pouring over from the boxes, the circle, and the amphitheatre into the arena like a cataract of healing waters. Mr. M'Variety would have been puzzled how to act had he not recognized among the volunteers a personal friend of his own. This gentleman being singled out to attend the case, the others retired in high dudgeon, feeling themselves greatly aggrieved that they had not been allowed to deny themselves a night's rest, and be the instruments of alleviating suffering at the sacrifice of their comfort and of the ordinary reward, which none of them looked for, or would have accepted, if it had been offered to them.

Some horse-cloths were spread upon one of the spring-boards used by the Bounding Brothers of Babylon, and the countess being laid upon this was carried out of the ring into the property-room behind the curtain. Sir William Long had gone to the countess's dressing-room to break the news to Lily, and to offer her what assistance and comfort he could under her new trial. He found her in great agitation, for she had heard the commotion in the circus, and divined that something had happened to her mother. When Sir William told her that the countess had fallen from the horse and was seriously hurt, the girl sank into a chair, and wept and sobbed bitterly. She had little cause to weep for such a mother; but in that one moment of her misfortune she forgot and forgave all, and thought of the harsh cruel woman only with love and tenderness and pity.

"I trust, Lily," said Sir William, "I trust you will permit me to be your friend under this trial. I ask for nothing but to be allowed to serve you."

"Oh, Sir William, you are very kind, very good," the weeping girl said, rising, and clasping his hands with both hers. "I shall ever, ever be grateful to you."

Again that cold word! Sir William sighed, and looked at her sadly, taking her little hands between his own, and patting them tenderly.

"Where is my mother?" Lily asked. "I must go to her."

"Stay," said Sir William. "I think you had better not go to her now. It would be too painful; she is under the care of a doctor, and to-morrow she may be better. Wait a little."

"No, no," said Lily; "let me go to her at once; it is my duty. She—she is my mother!"

"Let me accompany you, then," said the baronet; "perhaps I can be of some service."

Lily accepted the offer with gratitude; and, taking her hand, Sir William led her, as he would have led a child, out of the dressing-room and along the dark passage into the shed, to which the insensible form of her mother had been removed.

It had been determined to take the injured woman to the Cottage at once, and four men were carrying her from the circus into the gardens. She was lying in a shapeless heap on the spring-board, covered with horse-cloths. Sir William and Lily, hand in hand, followed the melancholy procession across the stone-paved yard, among litter and property chariots, and horses showing their hind quarters through the open doors of the stables; out through the narrow stage entrance of the circus, where the spring-board had scarcely room to turn; out into the gardens and down the broad walk among the colored lights, blinking wearily and unsteadily in their cups; under the gaunt and leafless trees, nodding their bare branches like the stalks of funeral plumes that had been stripped of their feathers; past the spectral ash-trees suspending their skeleton hands over the seats of pleasure; moving slowly among the whitewashed statues bathed from head to foot in greenish tears, wrung from the anguish of blighted leaves and the moisture of winter mosses desperately clinging to their verdure—the men passed along with their moaning burden to the Cottage.

Among those who walked by the side of the litter, and close to the figure that lay upon it, the baronet observed the strange-looking man he had noticed in the circus. He called Lily's attention to him, and asked if she knew who he was.

Lily started. She had seen that face before; she remembered it well; yet she could not tell when or where.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen him before—in Paris—no, not in Paris, before that, somewhere, somewhere."

While the girl was wondering, the men paused in the porch with their burden, until the door was opened by Mrs. Snuffburn. Mr. M'Variety took this opportunity to arrest the further progress of the crowd of idlers who had followed the litter through the gardens. When the countess had been carried in, he remained in the porch to prevent the mob from entering the house. The man with the gray hair and the dark eyebrows and mustache presented himself, and desired to be admitted.

"I can not allow you to pass," said the manager.

"I am a friend of the lady," said the stranger; "an old friend."

"Oh, no doubt," said the manager; "and I dare say the mob at your heels are all old friends of the lady, too."

"I assure you, Sir, I am speaking the truth," said the stranger, earnestly; "let me pass, I beseech you."

Sir William Long and Lily came up at this moment. The stranger no sooner saw Lily than he started, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise, held out his hands to her.

"Lily Floris! Lily Floris!" he exclaimed; "do you, can you remember me?"

Lily shrank from the man in alarm.

"Do you really know this young lady?" asked the baronet.

"Yes, Sir," the stranger replied; "and her mother also. I am her oldest friend, one that might have been her dearest friend, and have saved her from this." He whispered a word in Sir William's ear.

"You may let this person pass, Mr. M'Variety," said Sir William; "it is no idle curiosity that brings him here."

No, indeed, it was no idle curiosity that prompted Jean Baptiste Constant to follow the bruised and bleeding form of the woman he had once so deeply, madly loved; to seek to stand beside her, perhaps in her last moments, and tell her that though she had rejected his love and requited his kindness with ingratitude and scorn, he was yet willing to forgive her all. They carried the countess up into the gilded apartment. It was blazing with light, and the table was laid for supper—that supper to which she had invited her aristocratic friends, promising to make a night of it and be gay.

The men, as they bore her into the room, stumbled among wine-baskets and dishes of fruit that had been set upon the floor ready for the feast. They carried her at once into her own room, and were about to lift her upon the bed, when the surgeon, drawing aside the curtains, discovered that it had been made the temporary receptacle for Champagne bottles. These hastily removed, the injured woman was laid upon the bed; and she lay there for some minutes apparently lifeless, with the full blaze of the lights from the great chandelier falling upon her livid face.

The doctor, finding only a slight scalp wound over her temple, was inclined to think that her injuries were not serious; and this opinion seemed to be confirmed when she opened her eyes and looked about her calmly. But presently, when she drew a full breath, she put her hand to her side and uttered a cry of pain. This told the doctor that there were other injuries, and that the case might be more serious than he had first imagined. He begged Mr. M'Variety to send for another surgeon at once. This was done, and in the mean time the surgeon in attendance endeavored, with the assistance of Lily and Mrs. Snuffburn, to undress the patient. This, however, she resisted, waving them off with her hand, and groaning piteously every time she drew her breath.

When the other surgeon arrived a second attempt was made to undress her, but she screamed so dreadfully that the doctors were fain to desist. She lay with her eyes wide open, fixed and staring blankly; her breath was coming in short, quick gasps, and at every gasp she uttered a moan. The doctors felt her pulse, and looked at each other anxiously.

Sir William Long and Constant, interpreting their looks, stepped forward to ask their opinion of the case.

"I am afraid she is sinking," said the surgeon of whom he made the inquiry; "she has received some internal injury, and refuses to be moved."

Presently the countess turned her eyes full upon Lily, who was sitting weeping and trembling by her bedside, and said, in French,

"Is he here?"

Lily looked at her through her tears inquiringly.

"Constant, Constant," her mother gasped out; "Jean Baptiste Constant!"

Constant, who was standing at the door with Sir William Long, heard her mention his name, and entered the chamber.

The eyes of the woman were waiting for him, and when he came upon her view she held out her hand to him.

Constant sprang to the bedside, and, falling upon his knee, took up the hand from the counterpane, upon which it had fallen, and kissed it.

He had kissed that hand once before, when it was rudely drawn from him with a bitter word and a mocking taunt. It was not drawn away from him now.

"Jean Baptiste Constant," she said, feebly, "I am dying; that beast has trodden the life out of me. Tell these people to retire, all but you and—and my child."

The doctors and Mrs. Snuffburn retired, and Constant and Lily were left alone by the bedside of the dying woman. They knelt down together beside her, and waited for her to speak. It was some time before she moved or uttered a word. At length she raised her arm feebly, took Lily's hand, and placed it in that of Constant.

"Protect her," she said; "I leave her to your care."

"I accept the trust," Constant replied, solemnly.

After a pause the countess turned her eyes toward Lily and said, "Withdraw for a little and leave us—alone."

Lily rose from her knees, blinded with tears, leaving the room, dazed, stupefied, filled with a strange wonder.

When the door was closed the countess roused herself a little, and grasped Constant's hand almost fiercely.

"Can you forgive me?" she said, despairingly. "Can you—can you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes," he said; "I can—I do!"

"All?" she asked, eagerly.

"All; every thing, every thing. Oh, Valérie, Valérie!"

"I have been very wicked, Jean Baptiste, very ungrateful, very cruel, very heartless; but—but it was not my fault. It was born in me, whipped into me, beaten into me with kicks and blows. The devil has been in me from my birth, and held possession of me from first to last. Had he left me for one moment I might have requited your kindness and been your wife, and we might have been happy now in France. But the devil which possessed me made me proud, ambitious, ungrateful, and wicked, and he has hurried me on to this dreadful end among strangers in a foreign land. Had I been born with a good spirit in me, Jean Baptiste, I should have been good and virtuous, I should have been grateful, I should have returned your love and care, and we might have been happy now in France."

She paused frequently while she murmured these words, laying her hand upon her side, and moaning with a wail of anguish.

"I know," she continued, "I have been very, very wicked; but could I help it, Jean Baptiste? Can wheat grow where only tares have been sown; can flowers spring up from a soil rank with the roots of weeds? You sent me to school to be taught, to learn to be good; but it was too late, the evil spirit came with my first breath. I have been possessed, Jean Baptiste, possessed by the devil all my life; and now, O Heaven! what shall I do, what shall I do?"

A sudden paroxysm seized her, and she clutched fiercely at the bed-clothes as if she were struggling with death. When she grew calmer Constant took her hand gently, and said:

"Pray, Valérie; pray to Heaven to forgive you."

"I can not pray," she said. "It is so long since I have prayed. I have forgotten how to pray. Oh, mercy, mercy!" She gasped for breath, and again clutched at the bed-clothes fiercely.

Constant rose and went to the door and beckoned to Lily. She entered the room, with a scared look upon her face, timidly. Constant took her by the hand and led her to the bedside. Her mother turned and saw her, and grasped at her hand as if for rescue.

"My child," she said, "you are good, you are innocent, you have learned to pray; pray for me, pray for me!" She drew Lily's little hand toward her and implored her with kisses.

And Lily knelt down by the bedside, clasped her hands, and prayed for her mother, looking upward through her tears, and beseeching God to pardon her all her sins for the Saviour's sake. The worn, crushed, sin-burdened woman caught at the last blessed words of the prayer and repeated them again and again, eagerly clinging to them with her failing breath and faltering tongue, until she floated away from earth upon the raft of promise which her child had launched into the sea of her despair.

CHAPTER LVII.

DUST TO DUST.

Lily was once more Quite Alone—alone with her dead mother in the Cottage in the Gardens of Ranelagh.

The mystery of her mother's dying words had been explained to her by Jean Baptiste Constant. He repeated to her, with many merciful reservations, the Idyll of Marouille-le-Gency, which the reader knows. Lily was rather afraid of the strange-looking man at first; but when she knew all, and heard from his trembling lips the story of his early love for her mother, of his devotion to her father, and of his care for herself in the days of her childhood, she gave him her complete confidence, and accepted his guardianship gladly. For she knew now that he had been a father to her—the only father she had ever had. Constant was anxious—eagerly anxious—that she should at once leave the Cottage and take up her abode at Pomeroy's Hotel in Great Grand Street, of which he was the proprietor. Sir William Long also urged her to leave the Cottage and go to Pomeroy's. But she declined for the present; and begged to be allowed to remain to perform the last offices to her mother.

Seeing that she was resolved upon this, they refrained from pressing her further.

"Perhaps it will be better," Sir William whispered to Constant, "to withhold the disclosure until after the funeral. Does *he* know?"

"Not yet," Constant replied.

"In that case," said the baronet, "it will be well to say nothing to *him* either. Both must be prepared for it."

"I thought of leaving it to a chance meeting," Constant replied. "He is a singular man."

"And might prefer to be guided by his own impulses."

"Yes," said Constant, "that is my impression."

"You know him best," returned the baronet; "do as you think fit."

Lily observed this whispered conversation, and connecting it with the proposition which had been made to her, wondered why both Sir William and Constant were so anxious for her to go to Pomeroy's.

An inquest was held upon the body of the countess, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. The moment the inquest was over Mr. M'Variety, the manager, waited upon Lily with the kind intention of taking the responsibility of the funeral off her hands. In his kindest intentions Mr. M'Variety always had an eye to business.

"I've been thinking, missy," he said, "that your poor mamma ought to have a grand funeral. She was a celebrated public character, you know, and is entitled to it; besides, my dear, she has done so well for me this season that I should like to show my respect for her."

Lily timidly ventured to think that, under the painful circumstances, it would be better if the funeral were conducted quietly.

Mr. M'Variety, however, did not see it in that light.

"Now, I think you're wrong there, my dear," he said. "When a celebrated person like your ma dies—and we must all die, my dear, some time or other"—Mr. M'Variety had it on the tip of his tongue to add "worse luck," but suddenly discovering that he was moralizing prettily, checked himself, and glided over into another sentiment. "And the least we can do, when eminent personages depart," he continued, "is to pay respect to their ashes. I don't know what you think, my dear, but when any friend of mine departs this life, I always feel that I can't grieve half enough for him—not so much as I ought, you know. It's such a busy world, my dear, and one's got so much to attend to, one hasn't time for it. What I say, then, is if you haven't tears for a departed friend, give him feathers; give him six black horses; give him mutes; and if you haven't time to weep yourself, let crape weep for you. In this busy world, my dear, you're obliged to do a good deal of this sort of thing by deputy. You've been in France most of your life, and don't know; but in this country the swells, when they can't attend a funeral themselves, send their empty carriages, and the horses and the coachmen do the mourning for them."

Poor Lily! *She* had never been able to shift her burden of sorrow to other shoulders, but had borne her own grief, wearily, for many a day, through a vale of bitter tears. She was weeping now.

"Now don't you cry, missy, or bother yourself about it at all," said the manager. "I'll attend to every thing. I have a friend at Chelsea Hospital, and I dare say through him I shall be able to borrow the car that was used at the funeral of Lord Nelson. If it's out of order, Billy Van Post will soon touch it up a bit; or if they won't lend it, Billy can knock up something of the same sort; and we'll have the circus horses out, and I'm sure all my people will attend as a mark of respect to a member of their profession."

Mr. M'Variety was thinking of an advertisement for the Gardens. He was not a bad fellow at heart; but he would have exhibited the mummy of his grandmother to promote business.

Luckily for Lily, whose feeble protests were completely overborne by the manager's voluble persistency in settling all the arrangements according to his own fancy, Sir William Long called at the Cottage, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell.

Sir William, of course, would not hear of Mr. M'Variety's proposal, and, with Lily's consent, took the management of the funeral into his own hands. In the midst of her grief and sore trouble Lily found many kind and attentive friends. Constant and Sir William Long visited her daily; Lord Carlton had called twice; old Kafooze came to the door with tears in his eyes to say that he was sorry, very sorry for having made that unlucky remark about the whip. "If I had thought, my dear, what was going to happen," he whimpered, "I wouldn't have said it for the world. But it was to be, it was to be; our destiny is with the stars, and we can not alter it."

Poor old tender-hearted Kafooze! He was afraid that Lily might hate him for having prophesied evil; and he came to ask her pardon and plead with her for forgiveness.

Every one whom she had known at the Gardens called at the Cottage to press her hand and console her with a kind word—every one but Edgar Greyfaunt.

Where was Edgar?

This was the first thought that arose in her breast when she recovered from the shock of her mother's death. She knew that he was in the circus at the time of the accident, for she had gone into the passage behind the boxes, and in peeping through the chink of a box-door she had seen him talking to Sir William Long. When the countess was carried out, Sir William Long, Lord Carlton, Mr. Tuttleshell, every one of her friends and patrons had followed to the Cottage—every one except Edgar.

Whither had he gone? Why had he gone? Why had he not called to see her, to speak a word to her, to make an inquiry concerning her mother? Lily's vacant heart was filled with these distracting questions, racking her with doubts and fears which she could not bear to think of. They struggled again and again to rise to her tongue; but again and again she repressed them and kept them down, dreading to reveal to others even a suspicion of the vague fear which agitated her. Every footstep on the gravel-walk outside, every knock at the Cottage door, aroused hopes of Edgar's coming. Her tongue was silent, but her restless eye betrayed the troubled thoughts which possessed her breast.

A few minutes after the arrival of Sir William Long, accompanied by Mr. Tuttleshell, Mrs. Snuffburn came in to say that there was a person below wanting to see *some one.*

"Who is the person?" the manager asked.

"I don't know, Sir," said the housekeeper; "he is a stranger to me."

"What does he want?" said the manager. "Go and ask his business."

Mrs. Snuffburn was saved the trouble. The stranger had ascended the stairs and entered the room before Mr. M'Variety had finished speaking.

"Mr. M'Variety," he said, "we received this check the other day from Madame Ernestine, in payment of a wine bill; we gave her a receipt and the change out of it, and to-day the check has been returned from the bank marked 'no effects.' In fact, Sir, it has been dishonored."

"What is the amount, and whose check is it?" the manager asked.

"It is a check for twenty pounds," said the man, "and it is signed 'Edgar Greyfaunt.'"

Lily blushed crimson.

"There must be some mistake," said the manager. "Mr. Greyfaunt is a man of fortune; you'd better make inquiries again."

"It would save us much trouble, Sir," said the man, "if you would pay the money."

"Oh, I can't do that," said the manager; "it's no affair of mine, you know, and—"

"Stay," said Sir William Long; "let us have no more words about the matter." And he took out his pocket-book and handed the man notes for the amount of the check.

"Now, Sir, you may go."

The man put the dishonored check on the table, took up the notes, and left the room.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt had paid more for his box than any of the others, but his check was worth exactly the value of the paper upon which it was written.

Mr. Thomas Tuttleshell triumphed in his secret soul.

"The insolent Brummagem puppy!" he muttered between his teeth.

Mr. Tuttleshell's only regret was, that the solemnity of the occasion forbade him to give audible expression to his satisfaction. But though he restrained himself for the moment, he could not leave without easing his soul by a commentary on Greyfaunt's shabby conduct. It was to Lily that he made the remark.

"I always thought that fellow, Greyfaunt, was an impostor," he said, "and now I am sure of it. Wasn't it good of Sir William to pay the money and save the fellow's credit in the way he did? And without a word, too! Ah, Sir William is a real gentleman, my dear, with a big heart."

Honest Thomas! he knew not the conflict of painful emotions which these words aroused in Lily's throbbing breast.

Under the direction of Sir William Long the funeral was conducted as plainly and privately as possible. In humble and unpretending fashion—much to Mr. M'Variety's regret, for he now felt that he was losing a magnificent advertisement for the opening of the summer season—the beautiful Vaudrien Valérie, once the bright particular star of the Paris theatres, the reigning queen among the beauties of her day, the dazzling enslaver of hearts, and the wife of Francis Blunt, Esquire, an English gentleman of high lineage and ancient descent, was carried to her last home, followed by an irregular train of horse-riders, and acrobats, and circus clowns.

Her grave had been dug at Kensal Green by order of Mr. M'Variety, who, contemplating an open car and a display of circus horses, was desirous that the route might be as long as possible: on the principle of the longer the route the better the advertisement.

Sir William Long did not join the procession at the gardens, but drove down by himself, early, and waited among the tombstones for its arrival. It was a fine, clear, frosty day, and the sun shone out cheerfully. Sir William wandered about among the monuments, thoughtful and moody. It was almost a new scene to him, for he had rarely stood among graves and felt the chastening influence which the contemplation of death exercises upon thoughtful minds. He was surprised to find himself musing pleasantly, looking death in the face in his own dominion, calmly and without fear; nay, almost envying those who slept so peacefully under mound and stone. What was it that had so subdued the heart of this man of fashion, this pleasure-loving bachelor, with all the gay delights of the world at his command, with ample wealth, with health and strength, and many days yet before him? What was it? What could it be but love, the true love of the heart, which is akin to all that is pure and holy, that love which is almost a redemption in itself, which sanctifies all things, and is a witness to the divine likeness in which man was made. It was the image of Lily's sweet face that hovered about him, brightening the scene and robbing the graves of their terror. How he loved her! oh, so tenderly, so purely, with all his heart and with all his soul! He had led a gay, reckless life, and though in the pursuit of his pleasures he had never been heartless, or cruel, or mean, he knew and felt that he had much to answer for. But that account seemed to be redeemed by the purifying influence of the love which now filled his breast. He felt that he was a better man for it.

Sir William was startled from his reflections by a noise of wheels on the gravel-path behind him. It was the hearse containing the body of the countess, followed by the two mourning-coaches. He helped Lily from her coach, and stood beside her at the mouth of the grave. Constant stood on the other side of her, and took her hand, and as dust was cast upon dust, and ashes were scattered upon ashes, Jean Baptiste Constant looked down into the grave of hopes long since blighted, long since dead, hopes that had been born and nursed in the quiet village of Marouille-le-Gency, far away in France, but which now lay here in a foreign land, buried forever. Was it in mercy to his blank and desolate heart that the sun burst from a passing cloud and fell upon the coffin, lighting up the name upon the plate as with a halo of glory—a promise of hope hereafter?

Sir William walked by Lily's side to the coach and helped her in. He held out his hand to her, and she took it and pressed it warmly.

"You are going now," he said, "to a new life. May I still be your friend?"

A new life! What did he mean by those words? Lily knew not as yet; but to his last entreaty she replied, with deep emotion,

"I shall ever think of you, ever love you, ever be grateful to you."

And, seated in the mourning coach beside Jean Baptiste Constant, she was carried away to her new home.

NO GHOST.

I DON'T know how people feel who have seen a ghost; perhaps it would be a relief to them to find that the white garment shrouded a broomstick; but for myself, I once saw a figure in a sheet which it would be an infinite relief to me to believe a ghost. I saw this figure, man or woman I know not, five years ago, when I was lodging in the second-floor of a house in Bloom Street. There were at that time unfurnished rooms to be let on the second floor of the opposite house. The blinds were not drawn down, so that, before the windows were too dirty, I could see into two of these empty rooms. That opposite my own was an inner room, lighted by two windows, and entered only from the adjoining small ante-chamber, and this, which also looked into the street, had one window. The great bill,

TO LET, UNFURNISHED,

was there for so many months that it grew yellow with age and gray with dirt, and it was hanging in a hopeless and impotent manner by a single wafer when the rooms were taken: at least I concluded that they were taken, for the bill disappeared altogether, and was not replaced. In the course of a few days the windows were cleaned, and a bed and two chairs were placed in the inner room. There were no curtains and no carpets, nor, so far as I could see, any other furniture in these two rooms. But there was some one in the bed, very ill I imagined, for although I saw the figure move from side to side, I never saw it sitting up, or saw the bed empty, or saw the face so as to recognize if it was that of man or woman.

In any case I should not have been able to see much of these opposite neighbors, for I was only at home in the morning and evening, and they had other rooms besides the two I have mentioned.

About a fortnight after the lodgers came, I was sitting near my window in the early morning when my attention was attracted by a figure at the window of the ante-room opposite, wrapped, as it seemed, in a white sheet. A corner of the sheet was drawn up round the head and hung over the face like a cowl, so that, although the person was looking out of window, no trace of form or feature could be seen; and the arms, which were crossed, were also tightly covered by the sheet. For a few seconds it paused at the window, and I, sitting partly behind my window curtain, could see without being seen. Then it entered the inner room, into which I could see very distinctly, as the windows were open.

And here it seems necessary to state that the effect produced upon me at the time by this person in a sheet has been intensified, and has received an added horror from circumstances which occurred later. It is difficult to describe that which follows without allowing this horror to creep in, and yet, so far as I can remember, I was not sensible of it at the time, and felt only a strange attraction and interest; and a half surprise that any one should dress up and play the fool at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The figure, as I have said, entered the inner room, and stood for some time quite motionless by the bedside. Then slowly the arms were stretched out, pointing at something or some one in the bed; the head, still covered by the sheet, was bent downward; the whole attitude was that of one speaking with an earnest and eager intensity. But soon there was the strangest change: the figure started, gave a wild bound, and commenced leaping and dancing round the bed, standing with outstretched arms for a moment at the foot of it, and then springing first to one side and then to the other with such wonderful rapidity that it was impossible to follow every movement. At length there was a pause; again the hands and arms were stretched out, again they pointed, and, as it seems to me now, in bitter mockery, to the bed; and then the body swayed and bent backward, and the head was thrown up in one long burst of uproarious laughter. It seemed to me that I could *hear* the mocking sounds even above all the noises in the street. I do not know if I turned away for a moment, or if the figure crouched down, but I remember my surprise at finding that it had left the bedroom, and was again standing at the window of the ante-room. From thence it passed out into the passage, and I saw no more of it.

The bed was, as usual, occupied, but I do not remember noticing any movement on the part of the occupier.

Early in the summer evening I returned from my daily work and sat at the window to watch the sun as, like a solitary eye of fire glowing through mist and smoke with a dim angry light, it sank down into the heart of the great city. The blinds of the rooms opposite were drawn down, and the windows were closed, and they remained so on the following morning. But in the evening, as I watched from my window in the dusk, I saw two men coming down the street, bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They stopped at the house opposite, and carried the coffin in and up the stairs, and through the ante-room, and into that room with the bed, which was opposite to mine. I saw the shadow of it cast upon the white window blinds; for some one went first, carrying a candle.

And then I knew that there was death in the room, and that the antic which had mocked and made sport on the previous day had mocked at the dying or the dead.

The following day was Sunday, and I was again at my window when the plain deal coffin was carried down stairs and put into a shabby hearse. This was followed by a street cab, and one small person sprang quickly into it, closely muffled in a large black cloak. I could not tell whether this person was young or old, and could only guess whether it was man or woman; but something in the rapid resolute movements at once recalled the sheeted figure which had startled me three days before. I could not watch the house again, it was too terrible; and on the following day when I returned home I saw that the bed had been removed, the windows were wide open, and there were new bills, announcing that the rooms were "To Let, Unfurnished."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

COLONEL CAMPBELL, in his *Indian Journal*, tells a story of an old woman named Kate Carmichael, who made her living by distilling "the water of life," and looked upon George III., who then ruled the land, much in the same light as a modern Pole looks upon the Emperor of Russia—as a ruthless tyrant, who would not allow honest people to manufacture their own grain after their own fashion—and devoutly prayed for his death accordingly.

At last the news of the old King's demise reached the Highlands, and Kate, rejoicing in the death of the tyrant, immediately set her still to work, in her own house, and in broad daylight. The natural consequence was an early visit from the exciseman, who claimed the still as a lawful prize.

Kate did not see this; so, seizing a pitchfork which lay ready to her hand, she drove him into a corner, and kept him at bay, while she shouted to her neighbors for assistance, exclaiming—"Kill his brains; stick the rascal. There's nae law noo; the King's deed!"

Her idea was that, the moment the King died, all law, as far as Highlanders were concerned, ceased; and her neighbors being pretty much of the same mind, the exciseman was thrashed within an inch of his life, and the still rescued.

A WRITER in the *Spectator* pronounces the following eulogium on bees: "The bees are an organized polity, a civilized community, differing from us no doubt *more* than Turks or Chinamen from Christians, but bound together by ties of language, experience, affection, common aims; in a word, all, perhaps even more than all, the ties wherewith we are bound together. Pray if the bees were our size and we theirs, what would they think of us? Our language they would describe as a hum; our finest flights of eloquence as a rather louder hum than usual; our music as comical chirping; our books as curious scraps of industry, to serve, as far as they could see, curiously base uses; our houses as showing a very incomplete sense of symmetry; our relations to one another as being almost incomprehensible; and excepting in the one cardinal fact that, with the exception of one or two varieties of the insect man, one male went with one female, all other relations as below the pains of a bee of the world to understand. Perhaps some poor eccentric bee might waste her precious life and die in a garret in the attempt to fathom the useless mystery of that pretty and curious little two-legged and two-handed insect man; but the vocation of the public-minded bee would bid her attend to very much higher matters."

MARRYING AGES.—The recorded statistics for three years of the ages at which people marry in England and Wales present some interesting and curious subjects for remark. The registers from which the following statistics and observations are drawn are those for 1859, 1860, and 1861. Marriages are recorded from 15 to 80 years of age. Up to the age of 20 a much greater proportion of women are married than men; but after that age more men are married, and a much greater proportion of old men between 50 and 80 than of old women. During the three years in question there were 78 girls married at 15 years of age, but no males; and while 17 youths of 16 years wedded, there were 637 girls of the same age who took the step. The greatest number of both sexes marry at 20 years, but more of the ladies. At 25 and 30 the proportion is greater of the men; but after 30 the number falls to half, and 11 to 50 men seem to get regularly less and less inclined to matrimony, but they continue to marry up to 80 years. The greatest number of women marry at 20 years; at 25 there are fewer by more than half; and five years more reduces the proportion considerably more than half again; but at 35, 40, and 45, the numbers fall off more regularly. For example, in 1861 there were married at the age of 20, 48,495 men and 50,646 women; at 25, 26,473 men and 20,673 women; at 30, 10,621 men and 7840 women; at 35, 5464 men and 4252 women; at 40, 3649 men and 2875 women. There were 119 men married at 70 years of age, but only 21 women; 30 men at 75 and 3 women; 8 men of 80 years old, but 2 women; while in the previous year, 1860, there were 10 octogenarian gentlemen wedded, and only 1 lady of an equal age. The total numbers married of each sex in these years were: 1859, 102,549; 1860, 106,385; and 1861, 103,634.

A RUNNING ARCHBISHOP.—Soon after Whately first arrived at his country house of Still-Organ the hay was ripe, and a number of men were called in to mow and make it. They were resting for a moment to refresh themselves on the food which the Archbishop supplied when Whately found them. "Are you good runners?" he said. "Yes, your Honor," replied several; "we ran agin' the east wind yesterday, and bate it." "Well, now, I'll give this half-crown to the man that first touches that tree." The tree grew at the other end of the field, and the field was a wide one. Up sprang all the mowers, and the Archbishop standing behind, gave the word, "Once, twice, thrice, and away!" Away they went, and the foremost were nearing the tree, when rapid steps were heard behind them, and a pair of long legs swept by them all. It was the Archbishop himself, who, touching the tree, turned round and laughed immoderately—an exercise in which, a moment given to blank astonishment, the whole field joined; and he put the half-crown back into his own pocket.

CALIFORNIA ANTS.—That enemy of the hoarded sweets of the California housekeeper, the ant, is beyond counting in his annoyances this year. In the warmer districts of the State nothing eatable can be stored without attracting myriads of them, and the destruction they cause is really an important item. They have never within memory of the oldest settlers been so numerous in the lower levels of the Sacramento and San Joaquin as in 1864, and in the mines residents inform us they invade in armies every pantry, kitchen, and closet. If a piece of meat, cheese, sugar, bread, or what not is laid down, in half an hour it will be completely covered over with these devouring little wretches, and burrowed, tunneled, and perforated with marvelous expedition. The miners say they are laying up an early stock of comestibles to pass a long and heavy winter! In the vineyards and gardens, as the fruit ripens, the ants spoil what the rascally birds and squirrels leave, and figs and soft fruits are their special delight. The ripening grapes around Los Angelos are a great attraction to them, and the vineyard men are in distraction over their raids, and it is likely they will spoil the making of much good wine and brandy, as each of their wretched little bodies contains a concentrated quantity of a peculiar acid, sour as vinegar. Here indeed is a new and strange plague, and there is not only the common little go-to-the-ant-thou-sluggard species of California, but several others, some with wings and some without. One of these, twice as big as a flea, bites like a fish-hook; while another of his fellows, of blood color, stings as he bites, rousing up the babies and kittens to a terrible concert of squalls and tears in the quiet hours of the night.

IN the Life of Dr. Raffles, just published, the following story is told, in connection with a preaching journey in 1814: On our way from Wem to Hawkestone we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following occurrence: "A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying, 'Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection: I hope you will make me a good husband.' He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not.' She made him no reply, but after a silence of some few minutes she suddenly exclaimed, 'Oh, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room.' 'Then,' said he, 'we must go back and fetch it.' They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, and the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, 'Are you coming?' when she looked out of the window, and said, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;' then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone."

THE Toronto *Christian Guardian* says that an association has been formed in Montreal to obtain justice for the Protestants of Lower Canada by certain changes in the School laws. A Committee had been appointed to examine the facts and report to a public meeting. This Committee stated that the law in many cases gives the taxes on Protestant property, and all taxes on public property, to the Roman Catholic schools; that Protestant non-residents are obliged to pay their taxes to Roman Catholic schools; that Protestants residing in adjoining parishes are not allowed to unite to support a school, and sometimes parishes have been divided, and thus Protestant schools broken up; that Protestant schools are inspected by French Roman Catholics who do not understand English; and that in the common schools teachers and pupils are compelled to conform to the rites of Romanism, and Protestant children sometimes compelled to learn the Romish Catechism.

FLOWER FARMING.—Take a pair of compasses and strike an arc on the map of the French shores of the Mediterranean; making the Fort at Antibes the centre, open the compasses to Nice, and strike round—the highest point will be Grasse; then descending again to the shore in an opposite direction, the compass leg will mark the fringe of the Estrelle hills, and the well-known town of Cannes, with Lord Brougham's villa. From Nice to Cannes it is twenty miles, and from Grasse to the shore ten miles. The three towns form a geographical triangle, having the tideless blue sea for its base. Within this triangle is the valley of the Flower Farms. There are flower farms in England also, but they are insignificant in comparison with those of France. Elsewhere flowers are ornaments—charming accidents. Here they are staple. They grow like grass and corn, like potatoes and mangel-wurzel. Here bloom the jasmine, the orange, the violet, the tuberose, the jonquil, the rose, the cassis, not as in our beds, not as in horticultural gardens, not as gardens, but as fields. Broad acres of color flash under the hot sun. The atmosphere is heavy with perfumes when the snows are melting on the mountains, and the gurgling Var is rapidly growing into a roaring torrent. Here we enter homesteads not of golden grain, but of lavender sheaves: not of cheese, but of olive-oil; not of beer and elder wine, but of orange-flower and rose-water in vats; not of clotted cream, but of jasmine and violet butter. It is like a country of the "Arabian Nights." You expect the dark-eyed peasants to answer you in lyrics, and the very dogs to bark in tropes. You are oppressed with the prodigality of splendor. The soil is so fertile that, to borrow Douglas Jerrold's witty conceit, if you tickle it with a hoe, it smiles with a flower; or, as the natives say, if you plant a walking-stick the ferrule will blossom.

ALL ABOUT DIMPLES.—Dimples are the perpetual smiles of Nature—the very cunningest device and lurking-place of Love. When earth is dimpled by dells and valleys it always seems to laugh; when the ocean is dimpled by the breeze, it sparkles with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We can not look for frowns on a dimpled face; frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet of the rosy babe! Mothers dote upon those darling dimples, and delight to kiss them. But perfectly enchanting dimples, at least to the eyes of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks around the mouth of "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays some arch provoking sally, peeping out, and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most bewitching coquetry.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.—A letter from St. Petersburg mentions a most extraordinary affair which lately occurred in the town of Orel. A great local land-owner had a large sum (43,000 silver rubles) to receive through the police-office of that town. On applying for the amount he was told that the money could not be handed over to him unless he presented the office with 5000 silver rubles. He refused, and immediately reported the case to St. Petersburg, and the money was paid over to him. But on the same day, as he was quietly smoking in his study, a loud ring was heard at the bell. The servant, on opening the door, was instantly pinioned, and four men, their faces covered with black crape, rushed into the room. The land-owner asked them what they wanted; they plainly told him he must hand over his 43,000 rubles. With the greatest coolness he went over to his strong-box, opened it, seized a revolver, which was laid on the top shelf, and shot two of the robbers dead, the other two immediately taking to their heels. He then sent for assistance, the police, etc., and on the crape being removed from the face of the dead men they were recognized as the head of the police and his secretary.

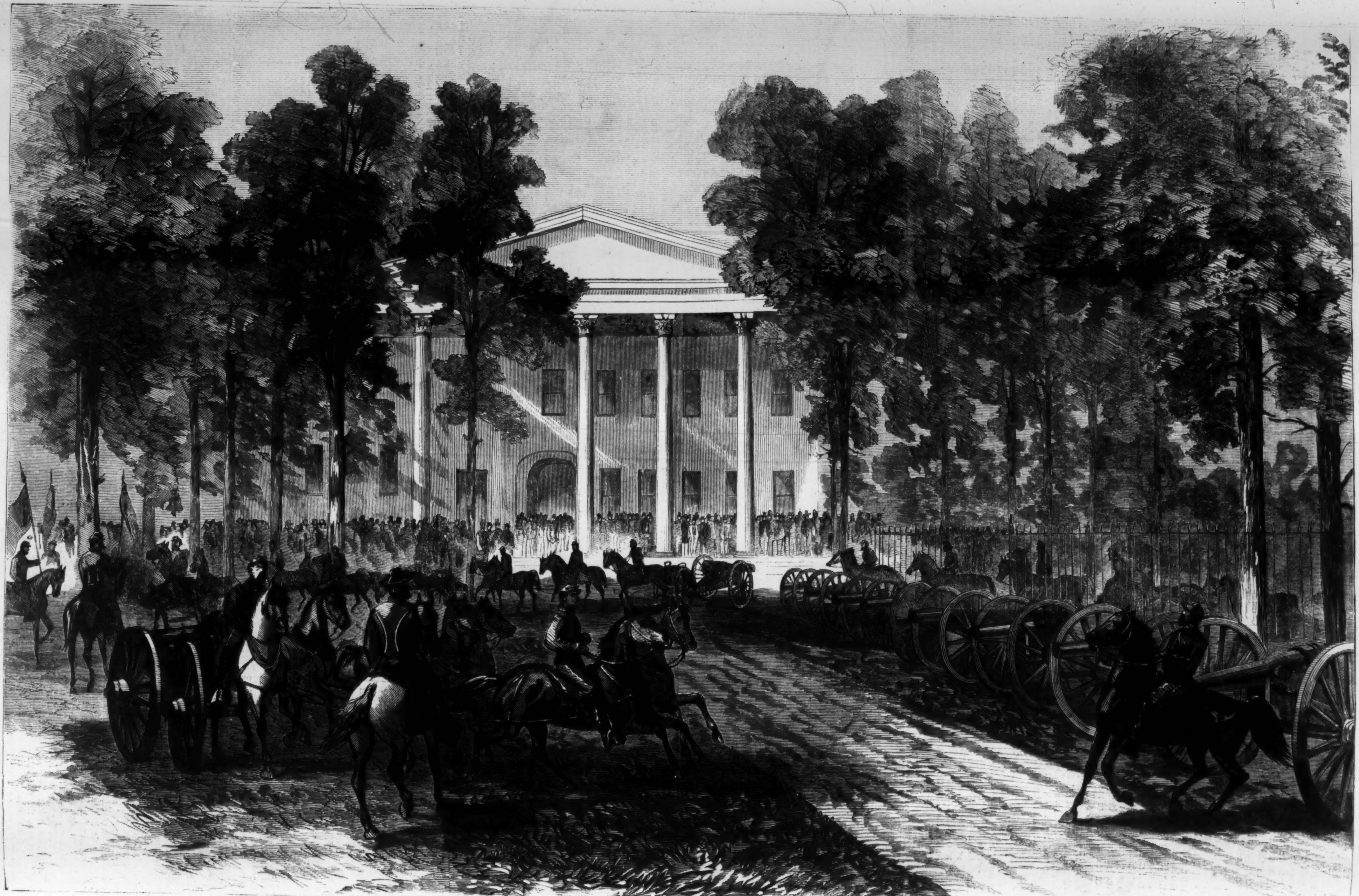
IT is said that Alexandre Dumas' autographs sold at immense prices at a Pitsburg fancy fair, as much as 60,000 francs having been realized for one hundred of them. We have heard of Alexandre getting extravagant prices for his MS. at so much per line, and even per letter, but this pay exceeds all that he has as yet received. About forty-four francs each letter of his name is a price that any man may sign at all day long.

A VERY pretty supply of crocodiles has arrived in Havre—not less than twelve, all alive, and of various lengths. The chief of the party is not less than nine feet long, and has strong tendencies to equality and the rights of a crocodile, being impartial whether its food is fashionable or plebeian man, making attacks on all indiscriminately who approach his presence.

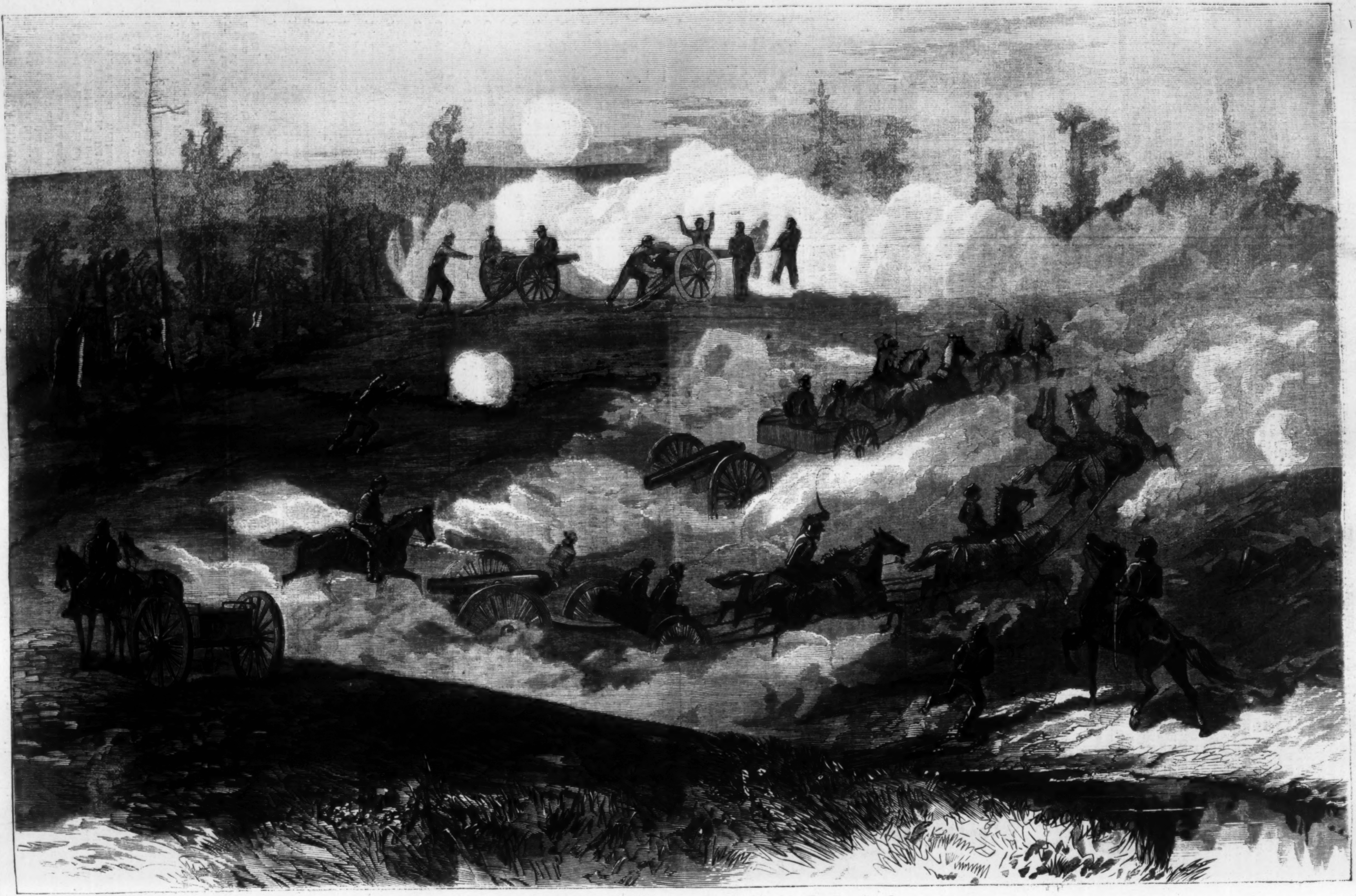
"AXE-GRINDING" is a term borrowed from one of the most charming stories told by Benjamin Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "Now, my pretty little fellow," says he with the axe, "only turn that handle and you'll see something very pretty." The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it until the axe is ground. Straightway he turns with strident voice and fierce gesture on the boy: "You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get you gone, Sirrah, this instant!" "And after this," adds Franklin, "when any body flattered me I always thought he had an axe to grind."

"CHRISTIAN IX., of Denmark, has a winning smile, a fair and benevolent countenance, not by any means deficient in shrewdness and intelligence. He is not much above the middle size; his figure is rather slender, and truly elegant; his bearing is that of a private gentleman; at least I could not detect much of the grandeur and stateliness that the vulgar are apt to associate with the outward look of royalty. He wore the uniform of a general officer of the highest rank—a long over-coat with shoulder-straps, and a foraging cap, the common garb of most officers in campaign, simple, but scrupulously clean and tidy, distinguished by the most accurate cut and exquisite fit. The King's features are good, fine, and regular; the face rather sharp and lean, the complexion fair and clear; the eyes, so far as I could see at a little distance (which was a great one for a near-sighted person like me), light blue; the hair seemed chestnut, the mustaches and whiskers, which are rather bushy, of a dark brown."

IF King Christian of Denmark has been somewhat unfortunate as a monarch, he has great reason to congratulate himself upon his success as a father. One of his daughters will, in all human probability, be Queen of England, and now another of those Danish roses is betrothed to the Crown Prince of Russia.



RECEPTION AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT. OCTOBER 29, 1864, OF GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY BY GENERAL SHERIDAN.—SKETCHED BY P. F. WHARTON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



BATTERY GOING INTO POSITION.—Sketched by D. R. Brown.—[See First Page.]

A YEAR'S COURTSHIP.

I saw her, Harry, first, in March—
You know the street that leadeth down
By the old bridge's crumbling arch?—
Just where it leaves the dusty town

A lonely house stands grim and dark—
You've seen it? Then I need not say
How quaint the place is. Did you mark
An ivied window? Well! one day,

I, chasing some forgotten dream,
And in a poet's idlest mood,
Caught, as I passed, a white hand's gleam—
A shutter opened—there she stood

Training the ivy to its prop.
Two dark eyes and a brow of snow
Flashed down upon me—did I stop?—
She says I did—I do not know.

But all that day did something glow
Just where the heart beats; frail and slight,
A germ had slipped its shell, and now
Was pushing softly for the light.

And April saw me at her feet,
Dear month of sunshine and of rain!
My very fears were sometimes sweet,
And hope was often touched with pain.

For she was frank, and she was coy—
A willful April in her ways;
And in a dream of doubtful joy
I passed some truly April days.

May came, and on that arch, sweet mouth,
The smile was graver in its play,
And, softening with the softening south,
My April melted into May.

She loved me, yet my heart would doubt,
And ere I spoke the month was June—
One warm still night we wandered out
To watch a slowly setting moon.

Something which I saw not—my eyes
Were not on heaven—a star perchance,
Or some bright drapery of the skies,
Had caught her earnest, upward glance.

And as she paused—Hal! we have played
Upon the very spot—a fir
Just touched me with its dreamy shade,
But the full moonlight fell on her.

And as she paused—I know not why—
I longed to speak, yet could not speak;
The bashful are the boldest—I—
I stooped and gently kissed her cheek.

A murmur (else some fragrant air
Stirred softly) and the faintest start—
O Hal! we were the happiest pair!
O Hal! I clasped her heart to heart!

And kissed away some tears that gushed;
But how she trembled, timid dove!
When my soul broke its silence, flushed
With a whole burning June of love.

Since then a happy year hath sped
Through months that seemed all June and May,
And soon a March sun, overhead,
Will usher in the crowning day.

Twelve blessed moons that seemed to glow
All summer, Hal!—my peerless Kate!
She is the dearest—"Angel?"—no!
Thank God!—but you shall see her—wait.

So, all is told! I count on thee
To see the priest, Hal! Pass the wine!
Here's to my darling wife to be!
And here's to—when thou find'st her—thine!

STAINLESS HILDEGARDE.

This wild and mournful story opens cheerily enough, the sky seems cloudless but for the single speck, not bigger than one's hand, which is to grow into the blighting thunder-cloud. Charlemagne is now dwelling in his royal palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, blessed in the love of his beautiful wife Hildegarde, yet it is not long since he has figured in a dark story.

His wise mother, Bertha, had chosen him a bride, Ermengarde, daughter of the Lombard king. He had married her in spite of the Pope's prohibition, and set her aside after one year of childless wedlock. The ill-fated lady died soon after, some said of a broken heart. All the details of their story, their short union, and its cruel ending, are shrouded in gloom. In the year 771 he married Hildegarde, of good old Swabian stock; and holy and beautiful as noble, why such a one as she married a man who had just set aside another wife is equally a mystery.

For a few years all went well with Hildegarde and Charlemagne, they dwelt in peace and love together, and she bore him three sons, Karl, Pepin, and Louis, and as many daughters, Rolruda, Bertha, and Gisela. The great Emperor was prone to anger, if roused to jealousy, but in the main he was nobly unsuspecting, trustful, and loving toward Hildegarde; her great influence was not founded on mere beauty, though she was fair and stately, with that lofty and calm loveliness which lies deeper than rounded limbs, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. A tender, loving, God-fearing woman, she insensibly led her husband toward mercy and goodness, thus winning the love and reverence of all, from the highest to the meanest in the land. There was but one other influence to be compared to hers, the subtle, hidden sway of Taland, a half-brother of Charlemagne's. The Emperor loved him, and never saw the black soul that lay hidden under a fair exterior. In fifty ways Hildegarde's large pleading for justice and mercy thwarted the crafty Taland's selfish plans. His greed of power prompted him often to plot the downfall of this guileless, unsuspecting woman—ay, and compass it too—that he might better rule her husband's mind. But every time he gazed on her regal beauty and listened to her pleasant speech his heart would fail him, gradually his resolves grew weaker, till, bit by bit, they yielded to an accursed love.

He loved her blindly, desperately, and the devil of ambition whispered in his ear that Hildegarde, ruined and degraded, would for her own sake beware how she crossed his plans. With this foul treason in his heart he was outwardly the loving kinsman of the royal pair, and their most faithful vassal.

The three actors in my story were thus circumstanced toward each other when Charlemagne was called away to the Saxon wars: his last act was to appoint his half-brother to the government of Aix-la-Chapelle. As he tore himself from Hildegarde's embrace, half the bitterness of parting was lost in the thought of what a safe protector he had found her. Little he knew, as he galloped away with his champions, that he had intrusted his fold to the ravenous wolf.

Darker and darker grows the plot of the story. At first the stainless lady, so unsuspecting in her purity, treated Taland almost as a brother, and he dreaded to break the charm of their frank intercourse. Still, somehow a vague distrust would come over her, to be quelled the next moment as a base insult to her husband's dear friend and kinsman. At last, however, she could not help noting something strange in the demeanor of this man, who hung on her accents, gazed into her face, and haunted her like her shadow. She chafed inwardly at this close watching, and daily yearned more and more for her husband's coming. One day she had dismissed her maidens, and was sitting all alone in the upper chamber of one of the castle towers. Her eyes wandered vaguely over the new city and the green fields below, her hands lay idle on her lap, and a wistful, tender look softened every line of her beautiful face, for her thoughts were far away with him whom she so dearly loved. Taland stole in unnoticed and leaned over her. His dark shadow fell across her, and she started from her day-dream. Their eyes met; his gloated on her with a greedy stare. She would have risen to go, but he grasped her hands and fell on his knees before her, and then and there, in the broad light of day, poured out his tale of passion. Dumb with horror and surprise, she sat like a graven image till he paused from sheer lack of breath. That pause undid the spell. She broke from him, and turned on the false knave with righteous wrath. He quailed beneath her withering scorn, and slunk away, muttering curses. He might have left that room her open foe, but for one glance back while his foot was yet on the threshold. Hildegarde faced him, but mute and motionless, with clenched hands and dilated nostrils; her lips still quivering, her blue eyes flashing a fierce unearthly light, terrible as a young Judith: but more beautiful than ever. One long-lingering look at her fatal beauty, and Taland's fury turned again to thrice-accursed love.

The next day and the next again he dogged her footsteps as of old, as if nothing had happened. Weeks and months rolled on and still no change. The more Hildegarde shrunk from him the more he pursued her; every artifice she used to be rid of his hated presence, every barrier she strove to place between them, gave way before his superior cunning. In her secret heart she loathed him as some noxious crawling thing, but dared not show it, lest men should say, "Why?" And proud, pure Hildegarde would have died before she would put it in their power to say that she had listened to such a love-tale. She would have given worlds to hide her weary head on some kind woman's bosom and sob out her story, but she dared not. She bore in silence her load of insult, anguish, and gnawing fear, and none knew that many a night her pillow was wet with the scalding tears she dared not shed in the open day. Her life was a burden to her; she felt like the bird which sees the writhing snake close by, but can not fly from its fascination. The very sight of the trophied weapons on the wall, the giddy height of the great tower, filled her with horrible temptations. She longed to end her misery and save her honor with one thrust of the glittering steel, one bound from the lofty battlements. But Hildegarde was a Christian woman, and while one other chance was left her she could not shed her own blood.

Goaded to desperation, when every other means had failed her, she met Taland with his own weapons, craft and daring. She no longer shunned him, nor when they met did she repel him with haughty coldness, nay, she even schooled herself to greet him with smiles and honeyed words. This change filled him with tumultuous joy. To crown it, one day she bade him prepare three lonely rooms in a remote and unfrequented wing of the castle, adding to be sure to have the doors well furnished with bolts and bars, and to come to her when all was ready. Taland quitted her in an ecstasy of delight, never heeding that the hand he covered with burning kisses was as cold and rigid as stone, nor how forced were the smiles, how hollow the tones of her gracious farewell.

For three whole days she was rid of Taland: three days she passed in agonies of prayer and moody pacings along the battlements. She ate little, spoke less, and wandered through the palace pale and haggard, as if just risen from a sick bed. The third day Taland came to tell her that her orders had been obeyed, and that all was in readiness. Hildegarde repaid him with courteous thanks, and named an hour on the morrow when he was to wait for her in the innermost chamber. A good hour before the time he was at his post, cursing the sunbeams for crawling so slowly, and thinking the great dial would never throw its noonday shadow across the court-yard of the castle. While Taland was so eagerly watching that dark line a woman in a far-off tower was crouching before a crucifix, clutching it tight as she muttered wild prayers for guidance and grace. She started from her knees, summoned her maidens, and bade them array her right royally. When this was done she dismissed them, and passed out alone. A few moments after Taland heard a light step in the outer chamber, and Hildegarde came toward him, moving with slow and stately grace. He was springing forward, but a gesture of hers stopped him. He stood quite still, gloating over her beauty, deeming the flush on her cheek and the glitter in her eyes sweet signs of love. With the same set smile and unfaltering gaze she crossed the two rooms: she was not ten paces from him; he could restrain himself no more: one bound, he had clasped her to his breast; she flew toward him, she all but touched his outstretched arms, when the great door hurled him back. Hildegarde had flung herself against it and slammed it in his face. He sprang to his feet to burst it open, but she had already turned the ponderous key, and he could hear the harsh grating of the bolts and bars. She ran madly through the other rooms, tarrying but to bolt the doors; she flew through the long passages, gained her chamber unseen, fell on her knees, and gasped out her thanks to the great God, who had given her, weak woman though she was, both craft and strength to baffle this bold bad man.

Her first impulse was to tell her husband all, and let him wreak his vengeance on the vile knave. But when her blood ran calmer, and her thoughts grew clear, she began to doubt, and sat down to ponder on what she had best do. No ring or token could convey her meaning, and make the Emperor hurry to her from the distant wars; where was she to find a messenger so trusty that she might safely let him bear such a tale? And as to its being written, that was out of the question; the scribe who would write and he who would read such a story would be too dangerous to turn away, and doubly dangerous to keep about the royal pair. On one thing alone could she decide: she would tell Charlemagne all on his return, and meanwhile Hildegarde did what many another woman has had to do, she prayed and waited. Taland's disappearance could not long remain a secret, and search would surely be made for him, so Hildegarde sent for the chief men of the town, on whom she palmed off some plausible story of insolence and disrespect, true enough in the main, but very far from enlightening them as to what the insult had been. There was so much love for her and jealousy of Taland she met with no opposition, and for the first time for many a long day the poor lady had peace.

Meanwhile Taland, caught in the snare he had himself prepared, raged and foamed like a caged wild beast. He was so cool a man, his rare transports of fury were fearful in their intensity. At length, exhausted by his impotent struggles, he flung himself on the rich bed and sank into a sort of stupor. He awoke chilled to the bone, and saw by the darkness of the room that he must have slept for hours; it was already night, and the pale new moon rode high in the heavens. Food and drink had been left for him; he drained the wine-cup to the dregs, and began pacing his narrow room, trying to think. The day's events seemed unreal as a dream: he tried the barred door with all his strength before he could quite realize his plight. Wild, impracticable plans flitted through his throbbing brain. Visions of Hildegarde struck down by knife or bowl, dying in torments before his face, excluded all thoughts of how this was to be achieved. But as I have said before, Taland was a cool, firm man, gifted with a wondrous patient tenacity of purpose; and by degrees he wrenched his thoughts from the cheat Hildegarde had put upon him, and even from his sweet plans of vengeance, that he might the better see how they might be carried out. He saw clearly that she must either tell the whole truth to the Emperor, or forge a perfect chain of lies, or suffer himself to escape from her clutches. That she would tell Charlemagne seemed likely enough, but then Taland must be at least accused, and could he thus gain speech of the Emperor he was pretty sure of being able to twist facts to suit himself. That Hildegarde would have the wit and coolness to forge so perfect a chain of lies that he could not expose its falsehood seemed quite unlikely; besides, Taland in his secret heart knew that she was a true and noble woman. Thus weighing all the difficulties of her position, he laid his plans accordingly, and there was some lurking hope in his mind that to free herself from this net of perplexities she might perhaps set him free.

Not that night, nor for many a night and day, could the arch-traitor find a plan to suit him; gradually, however, he hatched a plot of whose success he could hardly doubt. He had found, on mature deliberation, that to deprive Hildegarde of life would be but a paltry vengeance after all. She was holy and brave-hearted enough to face death without flinching; but, next to sin, she dreaded shame. Disgrace would sting her to the quick, and make that proud pure woman's life one endless martyrdom. "I shall yet see her," said Taland to himself, "I shall yet see her quail before the fury of that great hulking fellow she preferred to me. She shall writhe like a trampled worm, her proud head groveling in the dust. Mayhap she will cling round my knees, and pray me to speak one word to save her, and I shall spurn her as she spurned me; she will be dragged off by brutal soldiery, and hooted by the rabble in the streets. Her sons shall learn to curse her, and her daughters to blush at her name. From town to town my vengeance shall pursue her, she shall find no place to rest her head; shame, want, and woe will drag her to the grave, and when I hear that she lies dying in some wretched hut I will go to her, my eyes shall feast on her death-throes, and my hated face shall come between her and her God. Instead of prayers she will die with curses of me on her lips, and I will laugh to see that beauty, which befooled me, gone from the outcast, who will die gaunt and ghastly, worn to skin and bone." And Master Taland would chuckle to himself over the visions he conjured up.

Before he had been many days in durance, great shouting and cheering in the streets made him rush to the window, cursing the high court-yard walls. Suddenly the great gates of the castle were swung back, and in burst the mob, pressing close round a horseman, whose steed was bloody and flecked with foam. He waved a sealed packet, and shouted, "Glorious news!" A tall lady appeared at a window and beckoned him with her hand. He dug the rowels into his charger's heaving flanks, dashed through the crowd, flung the reins to the nearest man, and bounding past guard and usher, soon knelt at the lady's feet and gave her the precious scroll. Long before a scribe had been fetched to decipher it, Hildegarde learned from the soldier that the Saxons were vanquished, that many thousands had embraced the Christian faith, and better than all, that her husband was unharmed in life or limb, and returning as fast as he could lead his host.

Words can not tell the true wife's joy. She dismissed and rewarded the soldier, and made the learned man read the Emperor's letter again and again, till she knew every loving line; and, childlike in her joy, she pressed it to her lips and breast, kissing mark and seal, and thanking God from the bottom of her heart. She was too thoroughly happy to bear that aught should mar the delight of her meeting with her husband, she felt as though it would be a sin to damp his double bliss of triumph and return with the news of his half-brother's foul treason, and that moment she resolved to free Taland. Too pure herself to know that black ingratitude is own brother to guilt, she never thought that he would turn on her; besides, she deemed that even had he no gratitude, regard for his own head would make him dumb. In an evil hour she gave the traitor his freedom.

Charlemagne returned, and for one short week Hildegarde was entirely happy—too happy, perhaps. Before the end of another week he one day strode into her chamber with clouded brow, and half recoiled as she sprang to his arms, but he checked himself, and caught her face in his two hands, as one would a child's, and looked hard into her eyes. The scowl passed from his face as he gazed into those clear frank eyes, he kissed her passionately, turned on his heel, and left her without a word. That morning Taland had begun his task, but the pure soul beaming out of the true wife's face had banished his hints from the Emperor's mind.

Taland now saw that he must give up his vengeance or play a desperate game, and he grew bolder; yet he was very wary. He said nothing tangible, yet he dropped words that rankled for whole days in his brother's heart. Charlemagne would not stand it any longer, and bluntly bade him speak out.

Taland began with well-feigned reluctance. First came speeches about what was due to his royal brother's honor, and how hard was the duty he, Taland, as his liege man, had to do. With sighs, with almost tears, the false knave cunningly unfolded his tale, half hinting, then affirming, his chain of lies, of Hildegarde and a handsome young lord. He saw his dupe wince, and, thus encouraged, dwelt with fiendish delight on stolen interviews and sweet love passages. He said he had once come on the lovers, who fled at his approach. Next morning he had found himself a close prisoner: did not the whole court know of his captivity? Then the meaning of vague hints and jests he had heard bandied about relating to Taland and a certain tower flashed across Charlemagne, and he believed all. His rage broke forth in frenzied paroxysms, till Taland actually cowered before him. Suddenly the Emperor stopped his frantic mutterings, and buried his head in his hands. Taland could see his huge frame quivering, and the great sinews in his brawny hands stand out like straining cords. The Emperor looked up, and, though the breath came hissing through his set teeth, his face was calm, but that rigid livid calmness was horrible to see.

"Call her!" he said.

Taland started at that awful sound, though it was scarce spoken above a whisper. He bade a guard go fetch the Queen, and came and leaned against the Emperor's chair, though Charlemagne hardly seemed aware of his presence.

Hildegarde was playing with her little children when the messenger came. She went joyfully, and the little toddling things came racing after her, hanging on to her skirts. Laughing, she disengaged herself, and leaving them with the guards in the outer hall, passed in. The smile was still on her lips as she came toward her husband, till the sight of his stony face and Taland leaning over his shoulder struck a chill to her very heart.

Slowly he waved her off. "Hildegarde, minion, quit me forever." The words, the tone, smote her like a hard blow. She staggered forward, he started to his feet and faced her. Their eyes met, his flashing fire, hers wildly beseeching but not quailing. "Speak, woman!" he muttered, hoarsely.

A convulsive shudder ran through her limbs, she gasped for breath, and strove to speak, but no sound passed her white lips. Taland reveled in her agony, and said, persuasively, to Charlemagne: "Why force the dame to criminate herself?"

The taunt from him roused Hildegarde from stupor to almost madness. She grasped her husband's arm, and lifted her right hand to Heaven. "I, Hildegarde," she cried, "do call on God to witness—"

Ere she could say another word he dashed her from him. "Blasphemous traitress, thou deservest death, but still I can not slay thee. This day leave my degraded home forever, and quit my realm. Woe betide thee if thou darest ever again set foot within its bounds."

She glared at him fiercely defiant: that moment she could have killed the man who doubted her: the next she thought on Pilate's judgment-hall, and what her Lord had borne. The fury melted from her heart, and, like her Master, she held her peace and meekly obeyed. Slowly she quitted the hall, Taland noiselessly gliding behind her. She turned round at the door, thus confronting him by chance. She shrank back shuddering, but mastering herself, she laid her hand on his arm, its icy touch thrilled through all his veins: "Taland, God will yet judge between us." She spoke in a low voice, yet her words rang in his ears like a funeral knell. One moment she paused on the threshold for one last lingering look at her husband. He turned away, but still the anguish of that white face, the beseeching, reproaching gaze of those wild eyes, tearless from agony too great for weeping, haunted him for many a day.

She passed into the outer hall, where her children were at play. Wildly she rushed forward to strain them to her breast for the last time. Taland stepped between. The little creatures stretched out their little arms, and struggled in his grasp. One shriek broke from Hildegarde, more like the death-groan of some stricken wild thing than the cry of a woman, and she fled from the palace.

The cool air on her bare face recalled her faculties. She marked the wondering stare of the people in the streets, and remembered that she was hurrying on alone and unveiled. A church door stood open, and she entered with no thought but to take refuge from their gaze. She sank on her knees before the altar, and strove to pray, but she could neither think nor pray. Her brain reeled, her eyeballs burned, and no blessed tears came to her aid.

Slowly the truth dawned upon her that she was a wanderer on the face of the earth, ay, and branded with infamy viler, more degraded than the wretchedest outcast in the land. She thought of her husband and of the days of their early love, she thought of the helpless children she had left exposed to Taland's wiles, and she sank down on the altar steps, wringing her hands and moaning piteously. She sat thus for hours, half stupefied, till roused by actual bodily discomfort. She was literally choking with thirst. She tottered feebly from the church into a yard behind, where she saw a clear well. Stooping to drink, she beheld her image in the water, and started at the sight: her costly robes, her jeweled hair, shone in ghastly mockery of a face wan and drawn already, as from whole years of woe. Hours had done the work of years, yet she gazed unmoved on the wreck of her loveliness. What cared she for the glorious bloom of her youth when he who had loved that beauty was lost to her forever?

To slake her burning thirst she had filled her two hands at the well; raising the water to her lips, her eyes fell on two rings, the wedding ring and the ring of betrothal. At such a moment these pledges of a severed bond smote her to the heart. Wildly she strove to drag them off, but her trembling fingers failed her. As they tightened on the golden circlets her thoughts rushed back to her wedding-day, and the vows then spoken, that nothing can cancel but death. "I am his wife, his own true wife, till death do us divide," she murmured. This one ray of comfort came like a blessed sunbeam to the dark night of her anguish, and she wept. When tears had somewhat eased her heart she began to think and act. She pulled off her gems, all but the two rings, wrapped face and figure in her mantle, and thus disguised, ventured into the street. The twilight befriended her, and she gained unnoticed the shelter of a friendly roof, where she found also means of changing some of her gems for money. In the gray of the morning she started on her long wanderings. Fly she must from her husband's realm, and by forced and toilsome journeys she gained her native Swabia, the province she had quitted as mighty and as happy a woman as ever the sun shone on. Her sister, the Countess Adeline, received the poor wanderer with open arms, fully believing in her purity.

Hildegarde might have passed the sad remnant of her days among her own people, but somehow their very pity galled her, and the indignation they expressed against her husband, ill though he had treated her, stung her to the quick. Besides, how could she, with such a blight on her life, dwell in her sister's house, where the sight of her sad face damped all mirth? Her bleeding heart recoiled from all earthly solace, and the passionate love lavished on him who had spurned it turned to her Maker. Deprived of her husband and her little children, the poor lady's pent-up tenderness vented itself on the suffering and the needy. And when she found herself a kill-joy in her sister's lordly home, that same charity prompted her to consecrate herself to a life of self-abnegation and good works. She could not bear to stay in her father-land, so replete with memories. Despite the Countess's entreaties she left her, and again set out on her lonely pilgrimage.

This time Rome, the great home of Christianity, was her goal. She crossed the snow-clad Alps, the burning plains of Italy, and took up her abode in the great city.

She spent her whole time in prayer and fasting and tending the sick. Filth, squalor, disease, had no terrors for her; poor wretches covered with sores and crawling vermin were tended by her royal hands. Anguish, blasphemy, despair, all horrors of body and soul that can throng round a death-bed never daunted her; nay, in softening the pangs of others she learned to bear her own. Diseases seemed to yield to her skill or her prayers, none could tell which. Numbers of sick, particularly those affected in the eyes, were healed by her, and even some blind people regained their sight through her means. Do what she would, these cures could not remain long secret, and as she glided along on her errands of mercy men pointed her out to each other, gazing reverently on the wan beauty of her earnest face, and calling down God's choicest blessings on the banished northern queen. Pilgrims from her own land saw her and heard of her cures, and returning, told the people at home.

For a short time Taland enjoyed the full triumph of his wickedness, but, by some strange visitation, his hitherto keen sight began to fail him, and his life was rendered wretched by a painful and loathsome disorder in the eyes. The royal physicians employed all their herbs and simples to no purpose. The voice of conscience, stifled in happier hours, now upbraided him without ceasing. As, sick and alone, he sat in the gloom of darkened chambers, brooding on that helpless blindness fast growing on him, he used to fancy that Hildegarde's face peered at him from the darkness, not as he had last seen it, touching in its patient anguish, but now mocking and gibing, now glaring at him fiercely triumphant. He could not sleep at night, and fifty times he started from his bed to grope his way to his brother's room, tell all, and be quit of his victim's haunting presence, were the moment of avowal to be his last. But when he came to the point he would chide himself for such sickly fancies, and go on stoutly, bearing his burden of guilt. He kept his own counsel till the last glimmer of sight had left him, and he was stone-blind. Then the pilgrims' tales of Hildegarde's wonderful cures kept constantly recurring to his mind. To be healed by her, even at the cost of having to confess his guilt, became his ruling wish. He was so sick of life, such as his then was, that he cared little about putting it in jeopardy for the chance of seeing once more. It was with feelings of intense relief he heard that business of great import summoned Charlemagne to Rome. Taland so besought him to let him go too, that the Emperor could not bring himself to refuse his entreaties; though, in truth, the great Emperor was sorely puzzled to know how Hildegarde, if guilty, could be such friends with God that He should grant her the gift of healing; and, if innocent, how she could ever be induced to cure Taland, who had hunted her down as the hound hunts the quarry.

No sooner had the Emperor and his train reached Rome than Taland sent to seek after Hildegarde, whose lonely dwelling was easily found. Cunning as he was, he did not know that his footsteps were dogged, and that his too trusting brother had at last begun to suspect him. Taland had himself guided to the dilapidated old mansion where his victim had fixed her abode. His attendants had left him, and he deemed himself alone in the great old hall where the sick used to await her coming. He little knew who had tracked him thither, and stood but a few paces back. They were alone, and it was as much as Charlemagne could do to keep his hands off Taland, and force an avowal from him. However, he contained himself, but his hurried breathing did not escape the blind man's hearing, "Who is there?" said Taland. There was no reply. But thus warned of the need of more caution, Charlemagne stepped warily into the deep shadow of a pillared door. These two men waited minutes, which to them seemed hours, then they heard a light step, and Hildegarde—wan, worn, but beautiful, with the peace of God beaming from her face—stood before them. She did not know Taland, who stood with his back to the light, and face and figure muffled in a cloak.

"Poor man!" said she, in the Frankish tongue, "they tell me thou comest from the father-land; know ye aught of my children?"

"Lady, they are well, for love of them I beseech thee heal me."

"Good God, man! art thou Taland?" cried the lady, springing toward him. She pulled the mantle down, and scanned his face. One searching look, and she was rushing from him; but he clutched her gown, and fell down on his knees.

"Unhand me, Taland!"

Still he held her fast. "Oh, lady, hear me for the Saviour's sake? God has judged between us, and he struck me blind; but if thou ask Him, he will give me sight. Have pity on a helpless man?"

She stood motionless, and he let go her gown, and groveled at her feet.

"Blind—helpless," she murmured; "blind—helpless—for the Saviour's sake." She said his words again, like one speaking in sleep. She seemed striving to recall their import, to realize the change that made her bitterest foe a suppliant at her feet. "Oh, Taland!" she cried aloud, "what did I ever do to thee that thou hast stolen my husband's love and reft me of my little ones?"

The blind man only heard the spoken words. Wildly, despairingly, he called out:

"Woman, hast thou no mercy? Hildegarde, look at me—hast thou no pity left? Look at the wreck I am now, and all thy doing. Why didst thou spurn my love until it grew to very hate, and for revenge I forged the lies that stole thy good name from thee; and then because of this great wrong to thee God smote me in his wrath. Oh, Hildegarde, by that fierce love I bore thee, that love mine own undoing as it too was thine, I conjure thee let me see. Let me but see thy face once more, then tell thy lord my treason. Kill me if thou wilt, but let me see the blessed light of day before I die."

"Taland," replied the lady, and her voice was soft and low, "fear naught from me; I have pardoned thee this many a day. Repent thy sins, then perchance God will heal thee, and I too will pray that He may."

"Hildegarde, Hildegarde, God in heaven bless thee! Ask Him. He loves thee, He can not refuse thy prayer."

Hildegarde sank on her knees beside him, and prayed with her face hid in her hands. So dead was the silence Charlemange could hear the very throbbing of his heart. He saw his wife rise to her feet, and lay one wasted hand on Taland's head. She stood as in a trance, her large eyes raised to Heaven, and Taland, with helpless outstretched arms, cowered before her, quivering in every limb.

"Sweet Saviour," cried the lady, "heal him for thy mercy's sake!"

Straightway the scales dropped from his eyes, and Taland saw.

With a cry of delight he grasped her hands to press them to his lips, but suddenly they turned cold as stone, and her face grew ghastly white. Starting to his feet, he turned round—the Emperor stood behind him. Charlemagne sprang forward, dashed him aside, and clasped the lady to his breast. Taland was stealing off. The stern mandate, "Stir at thy peril!" nailed him to the spot.

Tenderly the Emperor raised his wife's head from his shoulder and wiped away her happy tears. "My sweet wife, tell me all," he whispered; "trust all to my true love."

In broken words the lady told her story. Rage, pity, and wonder filled his soul by turns. He cursed his own blind folly, and again and again besought her pardon for the most grievous wrong that he had done her, his own true wife, the stainless mother of his children, the dearest thing he owned on earth. Loving looks and sweet caresses sealed his ready pardon, and Taland was forgotten for a while. But even bliss could not long blot out the memory of his deed. The Emperor's own remorse made him doubly ready to crush the vile slanderer whose tool he had been. He broke from Hildegarde, and in his fury would have struck Taland dead at her feet, but she threw herself between them. Her clinging arms held him back till her soft words melted his wrath. She so besought him to spare Taland's life he had not the heart to gainsay her, and sentence of death was changed to life-long banishment.

No words can portray the Emperor's glad return to his new city with his own true wife. The people, who had cherished her memory, rent the air with shouts of joy as she came back to them, riding by her husband's side, dazzling with gold and gems, beautiful, smiling, and gracious as an angel.

In thanksgiving for God's great mercies she built the church and convent of Kempfen.

A saying of hers has outlasted its solid walls: "How wondrous are the hidden ways of the All-seeing. The Lord forgot not his handmaid. He first gave me life and honor, and then, in spite of wicked men, he restored my fair fame and preserved my love. Blessed be his name forever!"

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

It is a fair tradition, one of old,
That, at the Gate of Heaven called Beautiful,
The souls of those to whom we ministered
On Earth shall greet us as we enter in
With grateful records of those lowly deeds
Of Christian charity wherewith frail man
Proffers his humble loan unto his Lord.

May we not so believe, since He hath said
That, inasmuch as it was done to one
Of those His little ones, 'twas done to Him?

Oh, think, if this be true, how many eyes
Whose weeping thou hast stilled shall glisten there,
How many hearts whose burden thou hast shared,
And heavy feet whose steps were turned by thee
Back to their homes, elastic through the joy
Of new-found hope and sympathy and love,
Shall welcome thee within the Gates of Bliss,
The Golden City of Jerusalem!

MR. AND MRS. POPKINS.

If ever a man married a wife in a hurry John Popkins did; not even getting his hair cut, and she without a new dress for the occasion. They had many love-passages before the matter came to the notice of Miss Blanchard's aunts. Bitterly opposed were they to the suggested alliance. Their regard for the suitor could readily be perceived by the contemptuous emphasis they placed upon the first syllable of his unaristocratic name.

"Popkins indeed! and red hair, too!" A kind of midsummer madness possessed the girl, from which she would be sure to wake. But the uncles regarded the gawky clerk with disfavor, not from an artistic but from a business point of view. Mollie's persistent fancy might have worn away in contention had not a crisis arrived. John and his brother Sam received a fine offer to go to China, there to grow yellow and rich; an opportunity seized by the latter without demur, and half accepted by John, who confessed his reason for hesitation, and the uselessness of waiting for a wife not to be gained with or without the Blanchard consent.

"Show me the woman worth the sacrifice of your mercantile career," said the elder Popkins, sententiously. "There are plenty of them; and John, when you and I make our fortunes, we shall find as many willing-to-be wives as the vizier sees in the slave market."

Sam did not believe in this unknown love of John. When Mollie knew her lover's probable destiny she vexed and cried herself ill. Then the stout uncles yielded, and wrung submission from the aunts, all resulting in a letter from the chief of the firm to Mr. Popkins, Junior. John was sitting at a high desk in his father's office, his long ungainly limbs doubled up grasshopper-wise, when this proposal of marriage came. The expression of interest just budding on his visage became full-blown surprise as he gathered the meaning of the terse sentences. Mollie! A fortune! A partnership! The young man could hardly restrain a loud huzza; when perceiving Dobbs's twinkling eyes fixed knowingly upon him, and Hobbs regarding him with curiosity, he turned carnation color and replunged into his books, smiling over them in such an inane way that the paternal Popkins raised his spectacles wondering what there could be to smile at in long columns of figures. What indeed! As soon as he was free John rushes home, turns wildly about his chamber, stuffs some shirts and a blacking-brush into a carpet-bag, packs all with his foot, puts his hat on one side, and his head inside the door of his mother's sitting-room. "Going to Philadelphia. Will write." Flies down the steps and through the street, the skirts of his coat blowing out jubilant behind. Sam coming home and pondering on the oracular words of his brother's farewell, suspects much of a man in love. He resolves that John shall not be made a fool of if he can prevent it, and his presence and words are usually potent. So he packs a bag after his brother's manner and leaves town on mischief bent. The first news received from John by the amazed Popkinses was contained in the following telegram:

"Wife and I leave for New York to-day. Be in Hartford about the 10th. Tell Sam."

But Sam was a hundred miles away and off the scent.

When the Popkins pair reached the great city Mollie was ill with a headache, an affliction which usually unfitted her for the active duties of life for two or three days. Moreover, she had a fever for shopping not to be appeased.

"Now, John," says she, "here I am nice and comfortable at Brother Rodney's. Do you go on to Hartford, break off your China negotiation, prepare your mother to see me, and settle your affairs with your brother; for if he is to leave on the *Anemone* every hour is golden to you. Rodney will put me on the boat Thursday, and I shall find you waiting for me at the dock. Don't hesitate, you foolish fellow; I know how important it is that you should be at home at once; and if you will not go without me, why I shall be compelled to set off to-day with you."

That plan was, of course, not to be thought of, so the obedient bridegroom departs to find on reaching Hartford that Sam was in New York.

Thursday came and the little bride left the city on the *Spread Eagle*, with her great trunks previously marked by the careful John "Mrs. Popkins."

The first hours passed serenely enough. There was a handsome gentleman sitting near her who evidently admired her. Mollie seemed to be reading *Harper*, but was conscious of every stolen look. She dozes a little, stares at the scenery, watches the bottle-green glassy surface of the river cut into smooth furrows by the boat. Then she nibbles at her luncheon and becomes much annoyed by the sun, when the handsome gentleman offers to arrange the awning, and does so in a manner to screen her completely. Mollie rewards him for the courtesy by a bow and bright smile, displaying all her splendid teeth.

"How much he looks like John," thought she, "except in complexion and expression, and then the features are quite unlike, and poor John's hair is red!"

After this acute observation she goes to her state-room to sleep, and is wakened at last by the stillness around her. Not a sound to be heard but the droning of some insect in the heat. Then a dull groan from the engine. She ties on her hat and hastens on deck. Is informed by the polite stranger that the *Spread Eagle* is stuck fast in the mud, with no prospect of getting off until night.

"But I *must* be in Hartford before night," declares Mollie, as if that determined little sentence would release the boat from durance vile indeed.

"Then you will have to follow the example of the other passengers, land here and take the cars."

"What place is this?" asks Mollie, looking at some unpromising barn-like buildings, savoring neither of pleasure nor business, and a dirty, uneven causeway winding round their bases.

"Middletown. But there is no train before three o'clock, I believe."

"I don't care," cried Mollie, radiant with a new idea: "there is a train down, I suppose; I'll telegraph."

"And wait in Middletown for your friends? A very good notion."

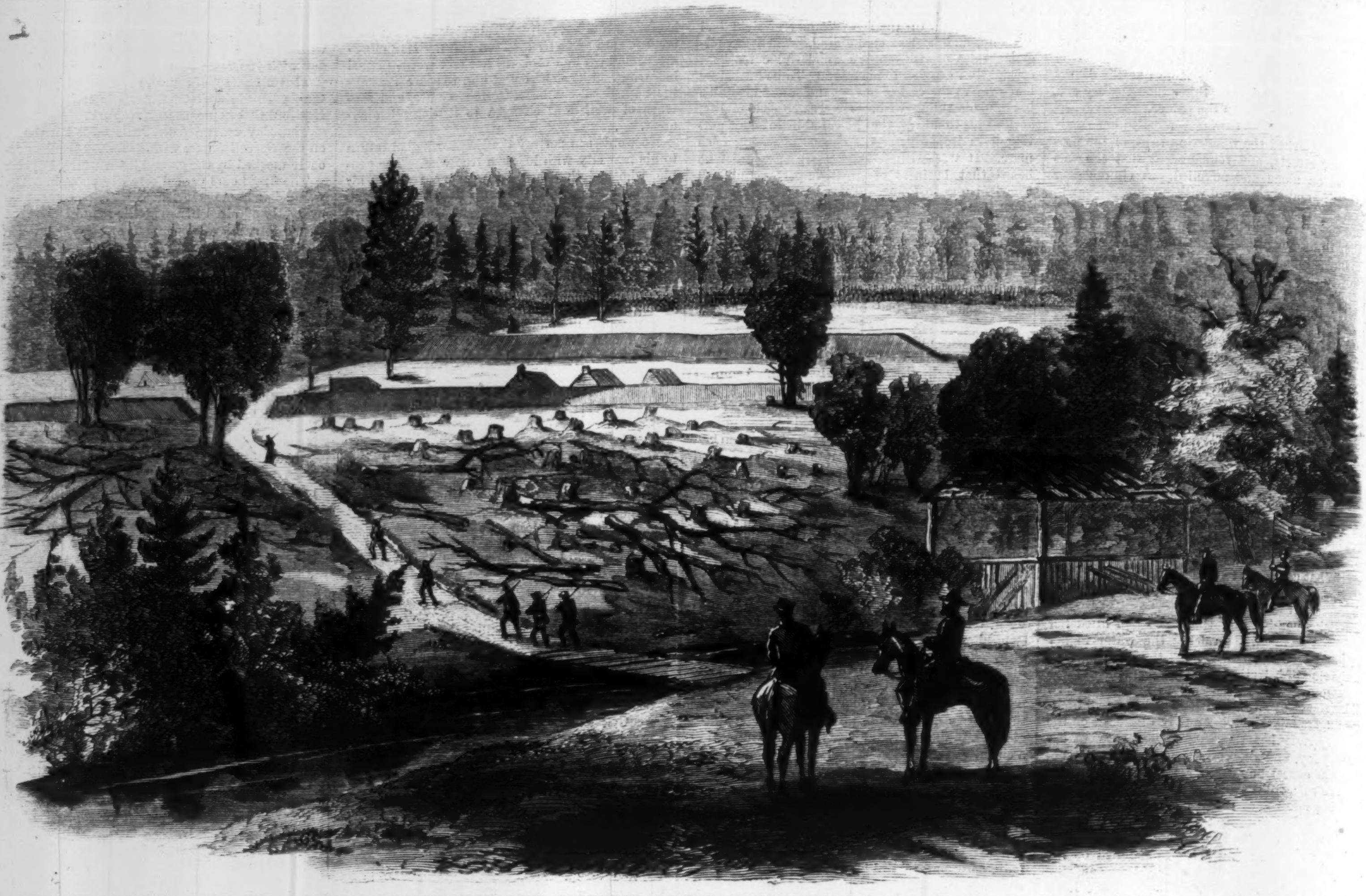
So Mrs. Popkins landed, and was escorted to the hotel by the stranger, who politely offered to send her telegram. But Mollie declines; she is sure she can manage nicely, and indites a message certain to be effectual. "Darling John, *do* come," etc.

That much-enduring man had been pacing the dock many hours in the broiling sun, his eyes fixed on the distant bend of the river, continually excited and depressed by sloops and other small craft, which came into view every five minutes. Savage was he when the news of the *Spread Eagle* reached him, and strides across the city to take the cars to Berlin in order to meet the Middletown train, which bore the *Spread Eagle's* passengers as he was informed. By this course, losing the telegram, which pursued him throughout Hartford, much to the disgust of the office-boy who had it to deliver, and who brought it back, late in the afternoon, with the news that Mr. Popkins was not in town! No, he was staring at every woman who set foot on the Berlin platform. In vain. Hears it said that the *Spread Eagle* got off in the course of an hour or so, and is now on her way to Hartford. Fortunately, in John's opinion, the Northern train passes in a few moments; he will yet be in time. So he is—to see his wife's enormous trunks delivered at the door by the Expressman engaged in the morning to seize and bear away all luggage labeled Popkins, and who has triumphantly done the same. Then his mother thrusts the telegram into his hands. His eyes and brain collect its meaning. He perceives that a few moments only are left in which to catch the last train. Jumps into the Expressman's cart and is driven like mad to the station.

Mrs. Popkins having awaited the arrival of the Hartford train and the appearance of her lord, is sure "something dreadful" has happened to him when time goes by and Popkins does not come. There is not even a message for her at the telegraph office, whither she wends a second time. She rashly resolves on proceeding to Hartford, and seeking her own fortune. Is very much surprised at seeing at the railroad dépôt the same mustached unknown. He comes forward to offer his services with the loftiest air of distant respect. The truth was, Mollie had so helpless a way of acting, and possessed such a sweet baby face, that it seemed the duty of some man to take care of her, and this one had not been able to divest himself of the wish to see her safely to the end of her journey. It naturally happened that he helped her out of the cars on reaching Hartford, and procured her a carriage.

"Add to your kindness," begged Mollie, "and direct me to a good hotel, for I am a perfect stranger here."

About the time she was driving through Hartford streets the wretched John was being informed at the hotel in Middletown of the departure of Mrs. Popkins for Hartford. He has passed her on the road! Driven reckless, he turned out the most desperate side of his character. Bought a pint of pea-nuts in a dismal newspaper store, where he also observed a few ancient pies petrifying in the windows, accompanied by large yellow cubes of sponge cake. Stuffing the pea-nuts into his pockets, he walked down the broad Main Street of the city, and there began to eat his purchase, and throw down the husks thereof. It was now dusk. He counted nineteen young women going to some evening meeting. Saw two men shutting up a store. Afterward observed a crowd of seven in front of the Post-office. In these exciting scenes he wears away the time until the hour for leaving approaches. Performs a slow march to the station, where the bustle of departure is represented by a cart and horse backed to the side door of the building, and small ragamuffins putting pins upon the track to be flattened into swords. The silence appalls John. A tall, lank man. arrayed in shirt and pantaloons, is unlocking



ARMSTRONG'S MILLS AND REBEL WORKS ON HATCHER'S RUN, CAPTURED BY THE SECOND CORPS, October 27, 1864.—Sketched by C. H. Chapin.—[See Page 741.]

the door of a small hole. Is breathlessly questioned by the traveler.

"Train leave? Eight minutes," responds shirt-sleeves, pointedly, and buries himself in the hole. And now the ticket-window is thrown up with a loud squeak, a few people appear, an engine leisurely enters the dépôt and attaches itself to a car. Some one gives the wheels a ringing bang, somebody else remarks "all aboard," and the stirring city of Middletown is left behind. All wearied out, John re-enters his home, and perceives Sam sitting at a well-spread table, eating what he calls a heavy tea, and relating his adventures to his admiring family.

'Holloa, John!" cries he, "where to next, my boy?"

"Hasn't Mollie come yet?" gasps his brother.

"Lost your Mollie? Capital joke," says this unfeeling man, taking a great swallow of coffee.

"She is somewhere in Hartford," returns John, grimly. "I'll go to every house in town—"

"Wait a bit. Sit down and eat some supper," returns Sam, composedly. "Then I'll help you. Be calm. We must learn to regard these matters philosophically."

"Philosophically!" began John, angrily, but swallowed the rest of the sentence with a bite of hot buttered muffin. Then he discovered how hungry he was; for since breakfast he had eaten nothing but the pea-nuts.

"I came up in the *Spread Eagle* myself," said Sam, "but didn't see Mrs. Popkins, not expecting the pleasure, you know. Besides, I was occupied with a forlorn little miss going to boarding-school, or something of the sort. By George, what a smile she had! and such a jolly little hand. She was in a terrible state of mind. Expected somebody to meet her who didn't. I made myself as useful as possible, but didn't dare too much. I'll see her again though. But what is the use?" and he ended with a sigh, thinking of China.

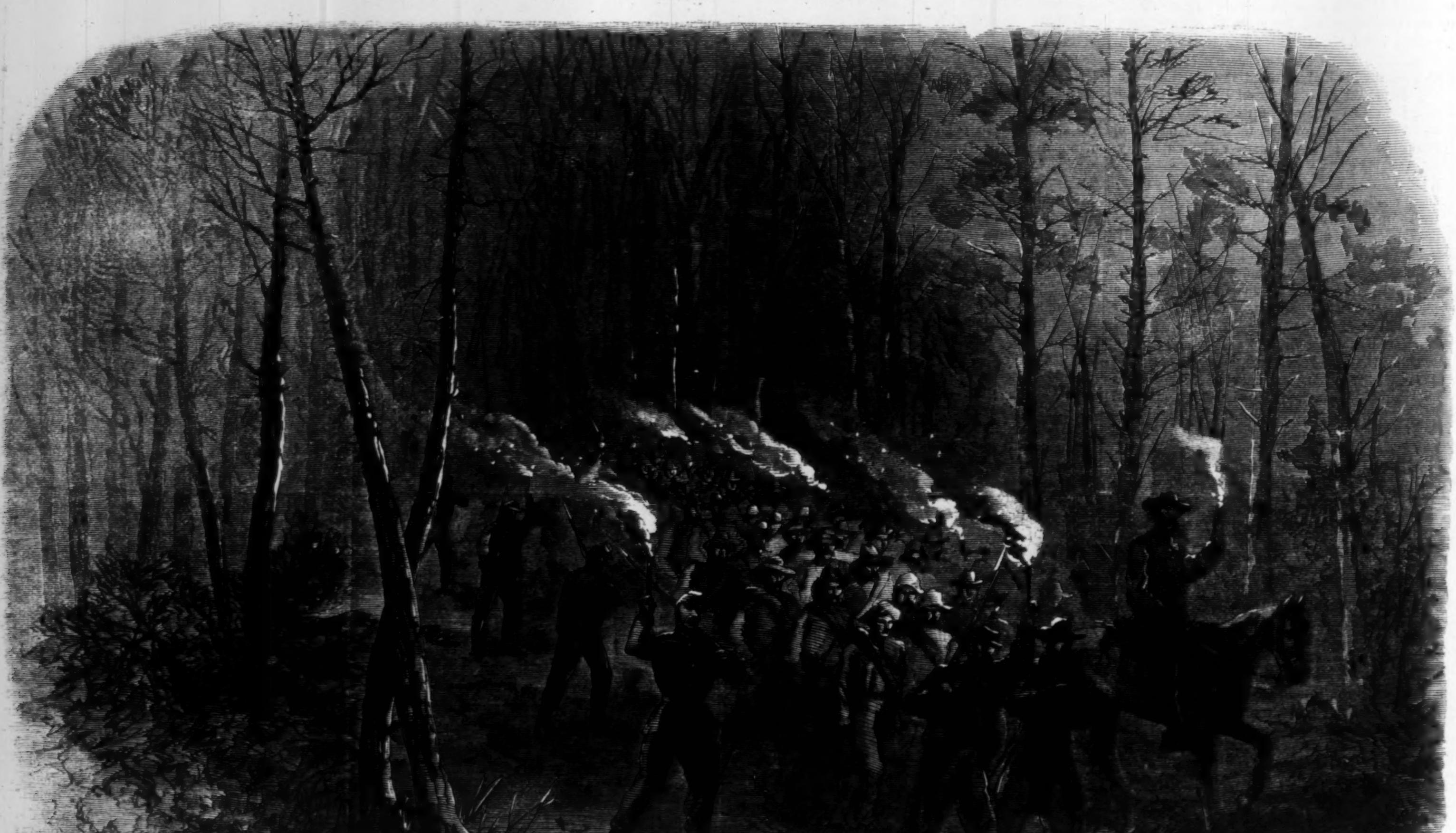
A little after 9 o'clock there came a rap at the door of No. 46 —— House, rousing Mollie from a distressed doze, and after it John Popkins victorious.

"My brother is waiting for us," says John; "he is very impatient to see you (?). Come, Mollie."

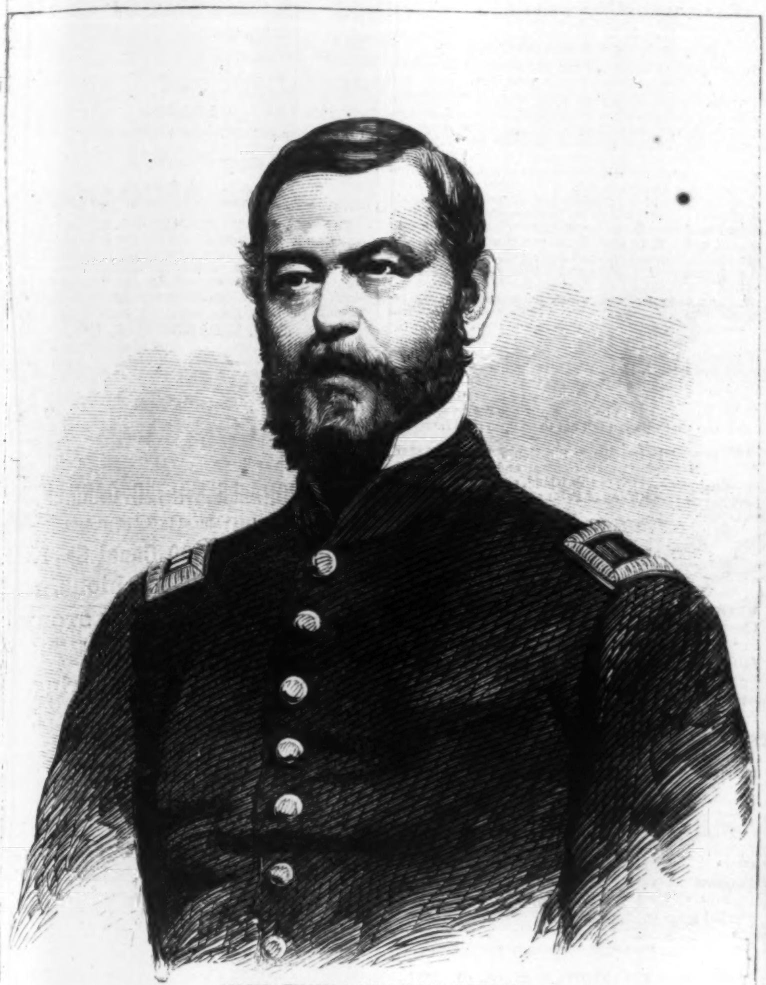
Then Sam sees John proudly approaching with a little creature clinging to his arm.

"This is my brother Sam," introducing Mollie's polite acquaintance of the morning. "And this," with ill-concealed satisfaction, "is Mrs. Popkins."

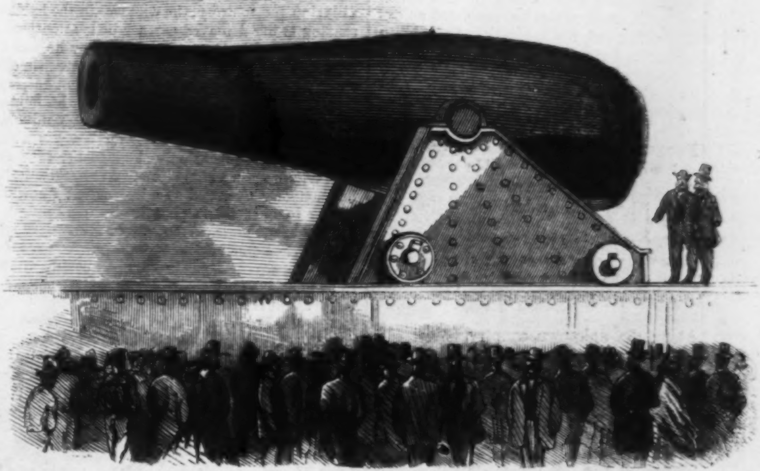
On which the elder brother for the first time in his life lost countenance, blundered in his greeting, but finally recovered himself with a desperate attempt at festive welcome—"Long live Mr. and Mrs. Popkins!"



GENERAL CRAWFORD CONDUCTING REBEL PRISONERS TO HIS REAR, October 27, 1864.—Sketched by C. H. Chapin.—[See Page 741.]



MAJOR THOMAS JEFFERSON RODMAN.



RODMAN 20-INCH GUN, TESTED AT FORT HAMILTON, OCTOBER 26, 1864.

MAJOR RODMAN AND HIS GUN.

WE publish on this page a portrait of Major THOMAS J. RODMAN, together with a view of the celebrated 20-inch Rodman Gun of which he was the inventor.

Major THOMAS JEFFERSON RODMAN was born in Indiana about the year 1818, entered West Point in 1837, graduated in the Ordnance in 1841, and has ever since been one of the most useful and active officers in the corps. He obtained his Captaincy in July, 1855. He is famous for having invented a process of casting guns of enormous size hollow, and cooling them from the inside by passing a stream of water through the bore. They are known by the name of Rodman Guns. Major RODMAN is one of the greatest artillerists in the country, and is doing most excellent service at present.

On the 26th of October a trial was made at Fort Hamilton of the gigantic 20-inch which Major RODMAN has given to the world. This is the largest piece of ordnance in existence, and carries a shot weighing half a ton. The trial was witnessed by a large number of persons, among whom were Major RODMAN himself, the heads of the War and Navy Ordnance Departments, and General W. F. ("BALDY") SMITH. It indicates the size of the gun that it was possible for a man to creep into it to remove some obstructions in the vent that prevented the firing of the cannon by means of a fuse. The body of the man did not fill up the gun, and he easily made his way to the charge-chamber, which was three times his own length from the muzzle. The trial was only made to ascertain whether the cannon would carry a shot proportioned to its calibre; its range will be tested at some future day.

This gun was cast at the Fort Pitt Foundry, Pittsburg, taking 160,000 pounds of metal, and weighing when completed 116,000 pounds. The peculiarity of the gun is in the process by which it is cooled, as above described. The portion of the gun nearer the bore is solidified first, thus giving room for a gradual contraction of the outer portion. The carriage for the gun weighs 36,000 pounds, and was made at the Watertown Arsenal, near Boston, of which Major RODMAN is Superintendent. It has two parts. The lower part is called the *chassis*, and constitutes the railway on which the upper part of the carriage, which is like that of a mortar, slides along when it receives the recoil of the gun. The whole rests upon a granite foundation; and the forward end of the chassis is fastened to an anchor-block or pier, by means of a six-inch bolt, called a pintle. From this point the carriage revolves around a semicircular traverse rail, on wheels. This rail, and also a support for the middle of the carriage, stand on granite. It is thought that the range of this gun will be five or six miles. Even the powder used for it is peculiar, the grains being said to resemble Breckinridge coal of the chestnut size.

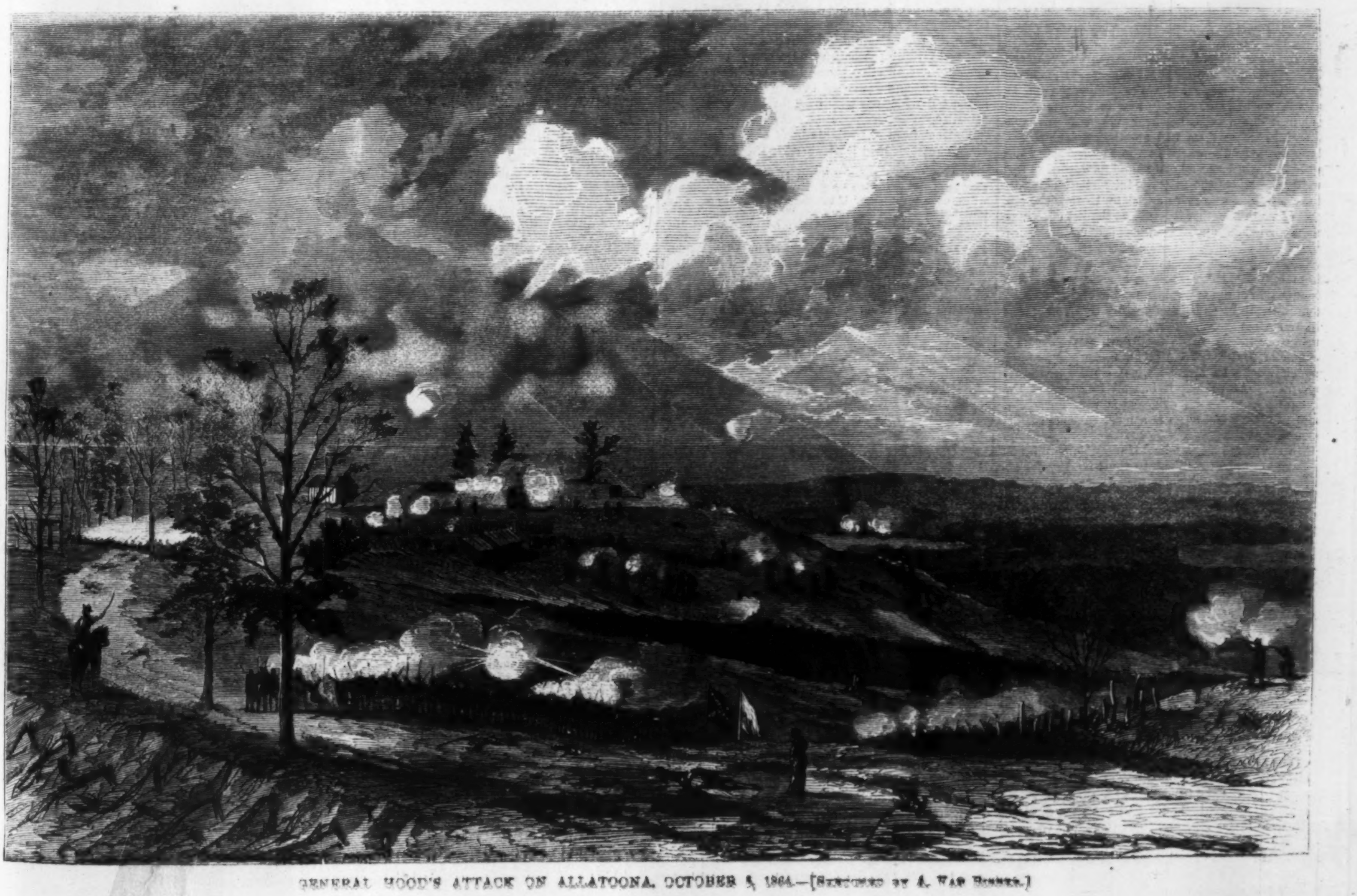
This gun is not mounted in the fort, but in the tier of 15-inch guns which extends along the embankment for a quarter of a mile below the fort, commanding the lower bay, and forming part of the defenses of New York harbor.

THE DEFENSE OF ALLATOONA.

WE illustrate on this page the attack made by General HOOD on Allatoona, October 5, 1864.

After General HOOD crossed the Chattahoochee a force of five brigades and eight guns, under General FRENCH, attacked Big Shanty, on the Chattanooga Railroad, and succeeded in taking the place. They then moved on Ackworth, further north, which occupied them until evening. The next morning, October 5, they drove in the Federal pickets at Allatoona. This post was defended by Brigadier-General JOHN M. CORSE, who had abandoned Rome in order to prevent Allatoona, which was of far greater value, from falling into the hands of the enemy. General CORSE commanded a garrison of 1700 men. General FRENCH, the rebel commander, sent to CORSE a summons to surrender, "to avoid the useless effusion of blood." CORSE replied that he and his command were ready for the "useless effusion" as soon as was agreeable to General FRENCH. Leaving their artillery on the south side to shell the position, the rebels swung their infantry round to the north front, which was more practicable. The attack was violent and determined, and lasted until the middle of the afternoon, when the enemy withdrew, leaving 1300 killed and wounded on the field. Nearly 700 of CORSE's men were killed or wounded.

The rebels numbered about 7500 in all. They came provided with a wagon train to remove the rations which SHERMAN had accumulated at Allatoona, but they went away with empty wagons. The dead rebels had their haversacks full of uncooked black beans, sugar cane, etc. General CORSE was wounded in the head, but not seriously. Only



GENERAL HOOD'S ATTACK ON ALLATOONA, OCTOBER 5, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A. [illegible]] four guns were mounted in the fort. If the rebels had succeeded in taking the place, they would have been able, with the rations on hand, to have held it for several weeks.

General SHERMAN witnessed the action from Kenesaw Mountain. Two days afterward he issued a congratulatory order, commending General CORSE for his gallant defense, which he considered an example illustrating both the necessity and possibility of defending fortified positions to the last.

OVER THE HILL-SIDE.

FAREWELL! In dimmer distance
I watch your figures glide
Across the sunny moorland
And brown hill-side.

Each momently uprising,
Large, dark, against the sky;
Then, in the vacant moorland,
Alone sit I.

Along the unknown country,
Where your lost footsteps pass,
What beauty decks the heavens
And clothes the grass!

Over the mountain shoulder,
What glories may unfold!
Though I see but the mountain,
Blank, bare, and cold;

And the white road, slow winding
To where, each after each,
You slipped away—ah, whither?
I can not reach.

And if I call, what answers?
Only, 'twixt earth and sky,
Like wail of parting spirit,
The curlew's cry.

* * * * *

Yet sunny is the moorland,
And soft the pleasant air,
And little flowers, like blessings,
Grow every where.

While over all the mountain
Stands, sombre, calm, and still;
Immutable and steadfast
As the One Will;

Which, done on earth, in heaven,
Eternally confessed
By men, and saints, and angels,
Be ever blest!

Under Its infinite shadow,
Safer than light of ours,
I'll sit me down a little
And gather flowers.

Then I will rise and follow,
Without one wish to stay,
The path ye all have taken—
The appointed way.

THE CASE OF MONS. D'EGVILLE.

THIS remarkable case of circumstantial evidence, though generally known to the curious in such matters who have searched into West Indian records, is as yet, we believe, entirely new to the American public. The details, however, might never have been laid before them had not the original papers been recently discovered in the Provost-marshal's office in Barbadoes, and copied and forwarded to the writer. Besides the intrinsic interest attaching to the story itself as a mere anecdote, there is the object of adding another instance to the list of executions carried out upon the evidence of circumstance alone, and of exhibiting some of the strong as well as the weak points which characterize this peculiar form of judgment. Perhaps a close and careful comparison of numerous instances of circumstantial evidence might assist in moulding into something like a system the various and sometimes almost contradictory inferences deduced during trials of this character, and in bringing them under a legal form which might be applied when similar occasions required. At present it is well known that the law of circumstantial evidence is very uncertain, and the story before us is a most conspicuous instance.

In the year 1824, Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, resident in the island of Barbadoes, West Indies, dancing-master, was brought up before the local June Sessions charged with having caused the death of his wife by administering to her poison in the form of arsenic.

The name of D'Egville has been always famous as the title of a family of dancing-masters and mistresses: there were some of the family, I believe, in Cheltenham when I was a boy, and I certainly was instructed in the art by a D'Egville, though whether the name was assumed as a recommendation or not I can not say. The unhappy man of whom I write had, though a Frenchman, migrated to Barbadoes with the view of teaching dancing, and was, it is reported, very successful. After a somewhat long residence in the island, he married a lady whose family name was Llewellyn, though whether maid or widow at the time of her union with D'Egville is not shown. The Frenchman was not a man of good character: he was addicted to debauched society and to drink. In many of his tipsy fits he was wont to strike and ill-use his wife, though he never seemed to cherish the least ill-feeling toward her. He was not therefore malicious, though he was quarrelsome in his cups. Still, his ill-usage of Mrs. D'Egville was so continuous and excessive that the long-suffering wife determined upon a separation. This was effected without any scene of violence or recrimination between the parties; and while the dissolute husband pursued at uncertain intervals his profession of dancing-master, the relieved wife lived at some distance, out of his and harm's way, as was supposed. It is to be particularly noticed that, though separated from each other, no ill-feeling was to be discerned between Mr. and Mrs. D'Egville; on the contrary, the wife was in the habit of sending to her depraved partner little attentions in the form of dainties, such as she knew he was attached to, as for instance, fruit, soup, rare fish, etc., etc. D'Egville recognized these attentions, and (occasionally) returned them, though the fluctuation of his gains at times prohibited an equivalent interchange of gifts. Now D'Egville was aware that his wife had not only signified her intention of leaving to him a sum of money at her death, but had actually executed the instrument by which he was to be entitled at her demise to a bequest of £500 old Barbadoes currency, *i. e.*, about £330 sterling.

It was proved that D'Egville had bought arsenic some few days previously at a druggist's shop, and being asked if it was required for rats, said, "Yes: *and I shouldn't care much if they were two-legged ones!*" Observe, that to be in the possession of arsenic was nothing of itself, for there generally was a supply in every house in the island for the extermination of rats and wood-ants; indeed, I can vouch for the fact of my grandfather keeping a very large quantity in the medicine chest for periodical poisonings of wood-ants which infested one of the mills on his estates, so that no stress can be laid on the mere purchase of the arsenic.

Mrs. D'Egville was particularly fond of toasted cheese, and at times of the year cheese was a very scarce article in the island. However, things had been prosperous with the Frenchman of late; for he purchased a piece, had it prepared, and sent it to his wife by the hands of a little mulatto boy, with these instructions: "Tell her to eat it *herself*, and not to give any of it to Miss Llewellyn." This was Mrs. D'Egville's sister, who lived in the same house with her.

Mrs. D'Egville was found dead in her bed next morning; Miss Llewellyn was dead also, and two or three of the negro servants were ill, though they ultimately recovered.

An inquest was immediately held, and Dr. Cutting tested the contents of the stomachs of the deceased, the rejected matter from the negroes who were suffering at the time, and the remainder of the cheese which was left in the dish. In all was arsenic found.

D'Egville was arrested, and brought up at the June Sessions in 1824. It was the interim between the death of the late Attorney-General Beckles and the appointment of his successor, and Mr. Coulthurst (acting attorney-general) prosecuted. Mr. Hinds defended the prisoner, resting his defense on the fact that a link in the chain of evidence was wanting. This meant of course the evidence of the little mulatto boy who had carried the cheese to Mrs. D'Egville, for negro evidence could not be received in court at that time.

The jury, after long consultation, came into court and said that it was impossible that they could ever agree, nine of their number being for an acquittal and three for a verdict of "Guilty;" so they were discharged, and the prisoner remanded to the next sessions. Meantime, Samuel Hinds was appointed Attorney-General. When the sessions arrived (December, 1824), Mr. Hinds declined to prosecute, on the ground of having formerly defended the prisoner, so the prosecution devolved upon Mr. Solicitor-General Griffith. The jury were empanneled, the evidence and all other proceedings carried on from the last sessions were read over to them, and after a short deliberation they brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

Extract from the minute-book of the Court of Grand Sessions held December 17, 1824:

> Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville was then brought up and set to the bar to receive judgment; when, upon being asked if he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he delivered in a paper writing, signed by himself and Mr. Moore, as his counsel, protesting, alleging, and pleading that he, the said D'Egville, was put on his trial at a former sessions for the same offense, and, therefore, prayed that judgment might be arrested and stayed against him. Mr. Attorney-General Hinds objected to the same, on the ground that the former trial was not complete, inasmuch as no verdict was rendered, and inasmuch as the prisoner had on the present trial pleaded "not guilty," and put himself upon the country, he was by that plea barred from any other. The opinion of the court being taken, the said paper writing was rejected, but the court declared themselves ready to hear any thing, by way of reasons in arrest, which the prisoner or his counsel might think proper to offer; when Mr. Moore moved that the judgment in the cause of the "King *v.* M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville" be arrested, on the following reasons, namely: because it appears by the proceedings of the last Court of Grand Sessions, holden for the body of this island, in the month of June last, in the Town Hall, in Bridgetown, in the said Island of Barbadoes, that the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville was arraigned on an indictment preferred against him by our Sovereign Lord the King for the murder by poison of his wife Susanna D'Egville, whereto he pleaded "not guilty," and that a jury of twelve men was empaneled, sworn, and charged to try, and he, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville, was actually put on his trial on the said indictment for the said offense, and whereto he, by his counsel, entered upon, disclosed, and made his defense; and further, because that the said jury, so sworn, empaneled, and charged to try him, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville, afterward actually retired and went out to the petit jury-room, and remained several hours deliberating on their verdict; and further, because the offense whereof he hath been tried at the present sessions, and the offense for which he was put on trial, as before mentioned, at the Second Court of Grand Sessions, in the month of June last, are one and the same offense, and not divers, which said reasons being taken into the serious consideration of the court, were rejected, and sentence of death was accordingly pronounced.

This extract shows the procedure of the court (which was acting upon the condemnatory evidence alone) to have been crippled by the absence of the one link in the evidence exculpatory, viz.: the testimony of the mulatto boy who had been intrusted with the cheese. The common precaution of inquiry into the conduct and motives of the person through whose hands the poisoned cheese had last passed was thus cast aside, and this being not received, the poor dancing-master returned to prison without a hope.

Here is a copy of his death warrant:

> GEORGE THE FOURTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, etc.
>
> To our Provost-Marshal of our said Island of Barbadoes, or his lawful deputy, greeting:
>
> WHEREAS Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, late of the parish of St. Michael, in the island aforesaid, yeoman, now detained in your custody in our jail of our said island, was, at a Court of Grand Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, and General Sessions of the Peace, held for the body of our said island, and begun on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, and so continued and held by special adjournment *de die in diem*, on the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth days of the said month, at the Town Hall, in the parish of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, indicted and arraigned for the murder of Susanna D'Egville, and thereupon was tried, convicted, and in due form of law attainted, and now stands adjudged unto death, of which judgment execution remains to be done. We therefore command, and by these presents firmly enjoin you, that in and upon Monday the fourteenth day of this instant February, between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon of the same day, you carry the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to the place of execution within the jail-yard, in the town of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, and there cause him the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that this you fail not to do upon peril thereon to ensue.
>
> *Witness.*—His Excellency Sir Henry Warde, K.C.B., etc., his Majesty's Captain-General and Governor, Commander-in-Chief, etc., of this island, etc., at Government House, this seventh day of February, in the sixth year of our reign.
>
> (Signed) HENRY WARDE.

This warrant was duly carried into effect.

Some years afterward, when D'Egville's name was forgotten, a negro man who had been a slave in the possession of Mrs. D'Egville, and who was, by her father's will, to receive his manumission, confessed that he had received the cheese from the mulatto boy and had put in the arsenic, as he was aware that his freedom was to follow upon his mistress's death. The link wanting (as the learned counsel observed), namely, what had passed between the time the cheese was put out of D'Egville's hands and its delivery into those of his wife, was now supplied. The negro's name was Christian, and he went, as was usual, by the family name of Llewellyn. All this he confessed upon his deathbed, to the great discomfiture of those who had condemned the wretched dancing-master, and to the shame of the system of refusing any evidence, though from negro lips, in a trial where life and death depended upon evidence alone.

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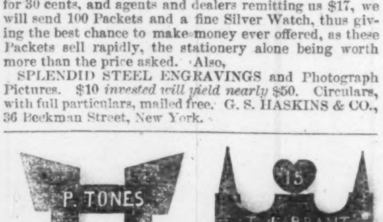

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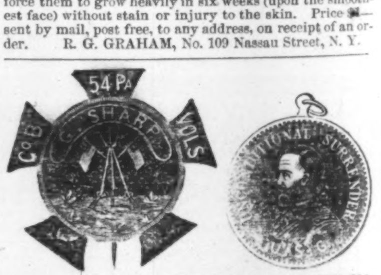

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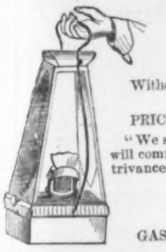

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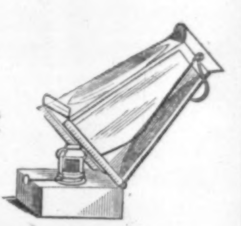

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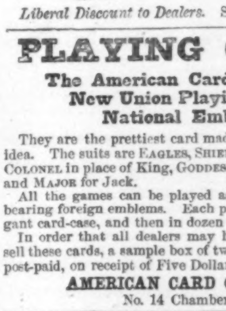

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